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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1847.

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For the Register.

THE RECORDER, ON A PERSONAL TRINITY.

MR. EDITOR:—As the writer of the article on "A Personal Trinity," in the Boston Recorder of August 12th 1847, seems to desire that some Unitarian should answer his statements without quoting Scripture, or demanding that Scripture should be quoted on his side, I would—with your permission—submit the following considerations to his notice.

First. The writer in question, whose signature is "Church," affirms that the word *Being* may be defined with sufficient accuracy, by saying that it is *a conscious, voluntary and intelligent substance.* Now I affirm that this is no definition at all of the word *being;* and, above all, I deny that his definition of the term coincides with "what the word denotes in its common acceptation." Do not men speak commonly "*of inanimate beings!*" And how can a being be inanimate, and be at the same time "a conscious voluntary and intelligent substance?" Men speak commonly of *living beings* also, to contradistinguish them in language from those which are not alive. An oyster, for example, is a living being, but is an oyster a conscious or intelligent substance! The fact is that anything is a *being* of which we may say with truth, that it *is.* The substance is a being, and the attributes are beings; the whole is a being, and the parts are beings, for concerning all these we may correctly affirm that they *are.* Church has defined the genus by the species, for he had in his mind the idea of a human or angelic being, a personal agent, and has said that the definition which applies to this particular class of beings, is applicable to beings in general. In short, Church has, in attempting to define the term *being*, defined the term *person;* for it is a *person*, and not a mere being, that has a distinct consciousness and will. Why do we affirm personality of man, and deny it of the oyster! It is because man is intelligent, which the oyster is not; because man is self-conscious, which the oyster is not; because man is a free-agent, which the oyster is not. No theologian can excuse himself for confusing the definition of personality with that of mere being, by appealing to the common acceptation of words; for common usage sanctions no such confusion. I *apprehend* that the definition of being on which we have commented, is *original* with the correspondent of the Recorder. If it be not, I must have lived somewhere out of the world; for his article is certainly the first place in which I ever saw the word so used. But be this as it may, such a use of the word cannot be tolerated in philosophy and theology, for it leads inevitably to endless confusion and misunderstanding.

Secondly. The word *substance*, as used by our writer, represents nothing but a mere *abstraction*, which has no existence in reality, that is, out of the mind itself. I believe the scholastic expression would be, that the thing represented by this term *substance*, as used by Church, has an existence *in intellectu*, but no existence *in re.* We do not intend to deny—nay we affirm—the real existence of substance; but, to us, substance is always *force*, and that which is the ground of personality in any free-agent, is always the ground of the substance of the soul of that free-agent. The assertion of the existence of a free-agent in three persons, is, to us, equivalent to the assertion of the existence of that free-agent in three substances. But we are by no means called upon to express or defend our own views in this place.

We have said that the term *substance*, as used by Church, represents nothing but an *abstraction;* and it is proper that we should justify our assertion. Church distinguishes between the substance and its properties: he says we may, to a considerable extent, investigate the properties, both in spiritual and material substances, but that we can have no knowledge of that which we denote by the word *substance*, beyond the mere fact that it subsists as the basis of properties. But how, we ask, does a man obtain knowledge of anything whatever?—Evidently by sensible observation and experience, by consciousness, and by induction, based on the facts furnished by these. I apprehend that Church has no other sources of knowledge. Church says that we have no knowledge of *substance* beyond the mere fact that it subsists as the basis of properties.—We say, in answer to him, that we have no knowledge *whatever* of any substance that exists as a basis for properties; that we have not even a knowledge sufficient to justify us in saying that it has any existence at all, as a basis for properties or otherwise. Why? Because neither sensible experience, consciousness, nor induction, give any testimony whatever in relation to such a substance. How did Church discover the substance of which he speaks? Was he ever conscious of it? If he says he has been conscious of it, I would like to learn what he understands by the term *consciousness.* Again, did he ever smell it or taste it? But perhaps he will say that its existence may be proved by induction from established facts. If he will give the heads of the argument, he will confer a favor on the philosophical world, and will furnish a curiosity which has been often sought for, but has never yet been found. Take any material object, and abstract from it weight, color, hardness, odour, &c., what have you taken from it? Nothing substantial (according to his definition.) for you have taken only properties, only activities, and have left the "basis" in which these inhere, untouched. But you know nothing of *external* objects, beyond that which affects you, operates on you; that is, you know nothing beyond the qualities, which are mere activities; when therefore you have abstracted all the qualities, all that you discern, how do you know there is anything left? What faculty have you by which you discern a basis of substance, which is altogeth inert, altogether devoid of properties, and which reveals itself to you in no way whatever—for, if it revealed itself, it would act, and thus manifest properties? I called the *substance* of the Recorder's correspondent an abstraction, but I was wrong; that substance is absolutely nothing, it is what remains in a place after you have taken everything actual or conceivable out of it. For his substance is not conceivable, since we can conceive of nothing absolutely devoid of properties. The old doctrine of a personal Trinity is not more opposed to all sound philosophy than is this doctrine of an inert substance; and the Trinity of Church is by no means clearer, or more free from objections, than that of the Athenasian Creed.

If Church affirms a Trinity of Persons who are made to be one by the identity of their common substance (understanding substance as he has defined it,) I affirm, in opposition, that his doctrine is a doctrine of three Gods, which are *one* in no sense whatever, since that which he sets forth as the bond of their union is found to have no real existence at all. This is polytheism.

If, on the other hand, he affirms with Leibnitz, and the later continental philosophers, that substance is force, cause, then I affirm that his Trinity of one substance in three persons is a *monstrosity.* By a *monster*, I understand any combination of incongruous parts into one whole; for example, I should call a horse with a sheep's head, a *monster.* In a like manner, I should call a doctrine *monstrous* that attempted to combine incongruous ideas. If the Divine Substance is essentially *cause*, it must be the Divine Person itself; so that the Divine Substance is the Divine Person identically. To break up this identity, and affirm one causative force to exist in a triplicity of persons, would be to construct a monstrosity, nay more, an inconceivable absurdity.

But Church seems to rest the whole strength of his statement on his definitions, and his two main definitions are those of *substance* and *being.* To us his statement would be more valuable if he would make those definitions a little more clear and precise.

W. B. O.

For the Register.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

A SABBATH SCHOOL SKETCH.

There is to me, a peculiar sacredness in the bond which unites the Sabbath School teacher with those under her care. Duly as the Sabbath returns, does she find herself surrounded by the little circle, who are looking up to her with the most earnest interest, for instruction in those important truths which are to be their guide, and to influence their characters, not only through the pleasant scenes of existence, but far on, through the endless ages of eternity. A word, a thought, what an influence may it not exert over the undying soul! Together do they read and speak of the untiring goodness and care of a God of infinite love; together do they dwell on the precepts, the example, the sufferings of a crucified and risen Savior, upon all the sacred themes of time and eternity;—and how closely is the interest, on each side, blended with the purest and holiest feelings of our nature! And when the bond is severed by death, memory loves to linger around the past, and faith, with her uplifted finger, points to the bright spirit, as it wings its way to the throne of that God, upon whose attributes they have so often delighted to dwell. If the pupil is taken, the teacher feels that a golden link is added to the chain which unites her affections to Heaven; that there is another sanctified spirit to welcome her, when the drama of this life has closed; that there is another gentle influence urging her forward in the path of holy effort. She trusts, in humble hope, that she may have been instrumental, in the hands of God, of preparing a soul for Heaven—and let not the conscientious teacher be discouraged, though day after day, and month after month, should pass, unmarked by any apparent progress; though her most earnest appeals be met by frivolity and thoughtlessness, or dull indifference; though she seems to be casting the seed upon a sandy soil, where vanity and the love of pleasure have anticipated and are frustrating her efforts. The seed which is now so hopelessly sown, may spring up, and bring forth abundantly.—Were we always to look for encouragement in the immediate effects, we could scarcely fail of disappointment; it is to the *future*, and often *distant* results, upon which we are to fix our hopes, to believe that

> "The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
> Upon the darkened soul shall rise,
> When age's weary eye is dim,
> And the grave's shadow round it lies."

And yet it is not always thus. The teacher is sometimes permitted soon to find those happy results following upon her efforts, and gladdening her path of duty with bright pledges of success.

The preceding reflections were suggested by a touching little sketch, given me by a friend, a short time since—I give it in her own words.—Among the members of my class, were two sisters, Ellen and Maria Bruce; they were orphans, and by the death of their parents thrown among strangers to labor for a support. As such, from their very situation, they had peculiar claims upon my interest; their parents had both fallen victims to consumption, and the two destitute girls were all the world to each other. By constant industry they supplied the wants of life, and always appeared neatly dressed on the Sabbath. Ellen, the elder, was a peculiarly delicate girl, and the flush of her dark eye contrasted painfully with the pale hue of her cheek. For more than a year, they attended regularly upon our Sabbath exercises, but though serious and respectful in their manner, I could not determine that I had been able to touch their feelings, or make any deep impression upon their minds.—They would answer my questions, but whether diffidence in themselves or indifference to the subject prevented them from any expression of their own feelings, I could not determine; and I often sighed at the the total failure of my efforts. At length, I missed them from their usual place. Sabbath after Sabbath passed, and Ellen and Maria were still absent, when, one morning, on entering the school, another member of my class inquired if I knew that Ellen Bruce was very sick; dangerously so, her sister feared. I resolved that the day should not close without my seeing her; and, when the afternoon service was over, I sought the home of the orphan sisters, and found that they were boarders in the house of a kind-hearted woman, who appeared much interested in them. She told me that Ellen had not been out for several weeks; "and I fear," said she, "that the poor young creature will never leave the house till she is carried from it." She led me to the chamber of Ellen. It was a touching sight to see one, over whose head scarcely seventeen years had passed, thus fading away in her early youth. When I first took her hand, the hectic flushed her cheek, and the deep hollow cough told me that she would fade and pass away with the flowers of summer; and yet it was sweet to gaze upon that youthful face, as, forgetting the diffidence which had heretofore kept her silent, she told me that she knew she must die, but she feared not death, she bowed in entire submission to her Father's will; that, though this earth was beautiful to her, and for her sister's sake she would wish to live, yet she felt that it was right, and she trusted in the mercy of her God, through Jesus Christ, that He was in wisdom taking her from this scene of temptation and trial. "How much do I owe to you, my dear teacher for impressing on my mind those lessons of confidence and hope! How did I, Sabbath after Sabbath, as I was permitted to listen to your words of instruction, garner them up within my soul! I could not tell you then how precious was the hope they inspired.—There in that happy circle, was I first impressed with those sacred truths; there did I first learn to feel that God was indeed my Father; that though my earthly parents were taken from me, I was not alone; that a Father's love was around me. There, did I first learn to associate religion with the every day concerns of life, to bring its spirit to the performance of my daily duties, and to connect the present of earth with the future of heaven. To prepare my lessons with my dear sister after the labor of the day was over, was my greatest delight."

Poor Maria! her attempts at calmness were affecting; the poor must labor even when the heart is most heavy, and all her little savings were expended in procuring luxuries to tempt the sickly appetite of her dying sister. Week after week passed on, taking with them the slight remnant of Ellen's health. One afternoon I called to inquire for her, and was told that she was very weak, and had suffered much during the day; but, as she wished to see me, I seated myself, for the last time, by her side. She was supported by pillows, and breathed quick and with painful effort. She looked at me with an expression which I can never forget—in it were blended love and resignation. She grasped my hand convulsively, and said, "We shall never meet again on earth, but, oh! I trust we shall in heaven. Oh! love my dear sister, and continue to teach her of holy things. I am going to my Father and my God, and Jesus opens his arms to receive me." Exhausted by the effort, she sank back upon her pillow. The setting sun, in all its farewell beauty, looked in upon the humble abode of poverty, and its last rays fell upon the pale features of the dead. The spirit had departed, but so calm and gentle had been the scene, that scarcely could I believe the angel of death had been there. On a beautiful Sabbath afternoon in Autumn, the remains of the humble orphan were deposited in the earth, far from her childhood's home. She was indeed by "strangers mourned;" and as I looked upon the features so quiet in death, I felt there was a calmness in the whole scene, in the gentle repose of that Sabbath eve, in the beauty of the autumnal foliage, speaking of the decay of nature, which breathed a kindred feeling into my heart. Death seemed divested of its usual features, my soul was elevated with feelings of devotional fervor, and I thanked my God that He had permitted me to minister to the deep wants of that immortal spirit; that I had been able to aid its upward flight; and I sincerely resolved, henceforward, to be more ardent in duty, more humble in faith, and more devoted in my endeavors to do good to those who were within the sphere of my influence.

L. E. P.

Lowell, Sept. 22.

Kind words never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much:—1. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath and make it blaze more fiercely. 2. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kind of words, in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a change among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used. [Pascal.

A man's early life is often so much pleasanter and more prosperous than his late, that the retrospect looks full of rich and mellow scenes, lovely remembrances, in soft, enchanting colors, —while the prospect is destitute of beauty, or sometimes is filled with foreboded tempests. Many a man in the decline of life seems going down into gloom, from a mountain-top of glory, and all the light of his existence shines to him from behind. But this cannot be the case with a Christian. The brightest prospect is before him. That man is happy who loves to dwell upon the future, upon what is in reserve for him. That man is happy who sees, over the storms of his past life, a bow of promise, created by a setting sun, that is to rise in glory. [Cheever's Pilgrim.

For the Register.

A LETTER

TO REV. E. S. GANNETT, D. D.

DEAR SIR,—I use the liberty of placing your name at the head of the following communication, partly because you are the President of the American Unitarian Association; partly because you are generally understood to be a sincere upholder and advocate of the Unitarian denomination—regarded strictly as a denomination; and partly, too, I will not deny, because I would attract to an article which might otherwise pass unnoticed, and to views which might not convey in my statement of them the weight to which I believe they are entitled, something of that consideration and respect that are associated with your eminent position, and your distinguished character both as an orator and a theologian. I am sensible, also, that some advantage arises from the comparative freedom and simplicity of a direct personal address. While I avail myself, however, of this form of communication, without your permission, it will be my careful endeavor, not to impose upon your good will, nor trespass on your patience, nor overstep the bounds of dignity and decorum, prescribed alike by the nature of the subject to be discussed, and the venerableness of your office. It seems quite superfluous to utter any protestation of friendship and esteem for you, sir, since no individual alive probably cherishes any other sentiments towards you.

The force of the second reason I have assigned for addressing you, you can neither misapprehend, as I conceive, nor fail to appreciate. It is not probably without cause, that you are regarded as being especially interested in whatever relates to the *external, Ecclesiastical order*, as well as the spiritual edification of the sect to which you belong; as being earnestly, nay, very zealously, devoted to the denominational prosperity and advancement of the Unitarian body as a distinctly marked and separately organized denomination. You were one of those men, well known and remembered in the Churches, who were originally active in the formation of the Unitarian Association; it has always been a dear child of your affections; your persuasive eloquence has often pleaded in its behalf, with appeals cogent and masterly enough to melt the most obdurate or to rouse and fire the most indifferent; while every untoward event that has befallen its fortunes, and every word of disrespect that has been spoken against its aims or methods, has either awakened your quick regret and pain, or elicited your censure. If I am not misinformed, you are inclined to take discouraged and boding views of Liberal Christianity, whenever the signs of organic life in the body appear feeble and decaying; and your apprehensions are greatly excited when the denomination seems most likely, and ready, to put off its sectarian aspect, and abdicate its ISM. So if there were to be set on foot, at this moment, some new project for the furtherance, not only of our distinctive Unitarian doctrines but our name, reputation and importance as one of the recognised sects of Christendom, there is a feeling that no person could be counted on, with so much certainty, for the prompt and efficient promoting of that project, as yourself.

Enough of the merely personal. It has serve to introduce my topic.

You will agree with me, that it is greatly desirable that the time should have fully come, when the matters indicated above, can be handled most frankly, freely and unreservedly, without any possibility of irritation or offence. If they affect, as surely they must affect in one way or another, the diffusion of truth and the posture of religion in our communities, then they should not only bear, but deserve and even demand an independent treatment, in the manliest and most conscientious spirit. Let us hope that the strange sensitiveness,—strange and foolish certainly it looks in the retrospect, however it may have been disguised under the influence of temporary questions and accessories at the time, —which a similar inquiry encountered in certain quarters some months ago, has now passed away; that it has ceased to interfere either with the civilities and courtesies of friendly controversy, or the cordial amenities of social intercourse. Surely *we* ought to be able to investigate even the most momentous subjects, with mutual forbearance, and a temper in which there is no trace of a flaw. If we are not yet arrived at that point, our professions of liberty and our boasts of charity have served us but a shabby return. Unitarians are "nothing if not" liberal; if not candid; if not good-natured under contradiction, and amiable in controversy. To fail, there, now, would be our most intense and exquisite shame.

It is not to be concealed any longer, that there is a serious difference among us. It is a difference that reaches widely and strikes deeply. It has been growing up, for many years, though it has not always taken a very definite shape, or drawn a very distinct line of demarcation. Indeed, there is some reason to say that of a vast amount of vague and profitless dissension amongst us,—of ill-understood coldness and suspicion,—of open accusation, whispered distrust, or private discontent,—of parochial dissatisfaction, local alienations, tea-table scandal and newspaper abuse,—and consequently, of immense practical inefficiency and loss of power,—this difference has been the real, though often unsuspected basis. One cannot have watched the course of our religious and ecclesiastical affairs for a considerable period, without observing that there was both a reciprocal misunderstanding and a waste of opportunity, which needed an interpretation. This difference has not related principally to social or unsocial modes of spiritual culture,—to vestries and conferences; not to philosophical speculations; not to the theological conclusions of the dogmatic intellect; not to the conduct of philanthropic and reformatory movements; though, with reference to all these, palpable diversities have exhibited themselves. But it has concerned so radical a matter as *the actual purpose to be contemplated, the end to be sought and the result to be accomplished, by Liberal Christianity itself, especially in this age and this country.*

I said that indications of this want of harmony, have been discernible for many years. Whoever has observed, or studied closely, the history of just and Liberal opinions since the controversy between Channing and Worcester, must have detected them. On the one hand have been those who have striven, in all good faith and with righteous intentions, to build up a strong, flourishing, extensive Unitarian sect. Doubtless they have sought to do this, unconscious of any ambitious or otherwise unworthy motive; not from a paltry partizanship; not from a poor love of getting the advantage; not from a mean pride of appearance, or a meaner zeal of competition and thirst for crushing an adversary; but because, by a plain process of reasoning, the success of the visible "cause" and the denominational enterprize seemed to involve with it the acceptance of their prized convictions. A plain process of reasoning, I say,—and yet one that is extremely apt to prove specious and fallacious. Favorable judgments based on the flattering manifestations of an imposing sect are always more or less illusory. And never more so, than when, as in this instance, a sectarian triumph,—with all the dangers that triumph, and preeminently ecclesiastical triumph, is sure to engender,—involves a sacrifice of the very objects, broad and universal, towards attaining which the sect was designed to be only a subserving and contributory instrument.

Of such men, aiming at denominational edification, there has been a succession, in our ranks, from 1815 to this day. Of course they have clung to this hope with various degrees of tenacity. And by reason of many redeeming and noble elements in their natures, and the inquiring spirit with which their attitude of protest has necessarily inspired them, they have rendered much true service to the *real* interests of Liberal Christianity. Still, they have encouraged a tendency that has at length become seriously hurtful and alarming. The most natural and legitimate advance hitherto made by Unitarian principles in the community was previous to the date just mentioned, and before they had begun to be advocated in the sectarian style. From that time forward to 1825, Unitarianism was taking on its denominational character, and with it, peril and reproach. Only three years after the latter period, Dr. Channing himself found it nescessary to say, in an ordination sermon in Boston, "I am no organ of a sect, but speak for 'myself alone." Have we not, now, those who, without knowing it, are actuated by a wretched rivalship of other bodies; who emulate the numerical prowess of Calvinism, or the ostentation of Episcopacy, or the outside conquests that reward the fervent administrations of Methodism? It is next to impossible to give a set of doctrines a respectable lodgment in the minds of a people, without, at the outset, encasing them in the protecting shell of some kind of external organization. And then the old mischief, so often witnessed and so often deplored, recurs; the shell gathers numerous accretions, grows tough and inflexible, and nothing but some future frost, or some crushing blow from without can break it to pieces. Look into the century that followed the Reformation. Surely there never was a religious system more calculated to suffer from this sort of treatment than ours. We do an immeasurable wrong, if we allow ourselves, by any means, to be betrayed into this error.

Dr. Channing himself, I need not remind you, sir, was no denominationalist. That revered name, thank heaven, can never be associated with party strifes, or a small ambition of territorial empire. No man ever loved truth more intensely, or prized his own convictions more heartily, or, indeed, honored and sought the grand objects of Unitarian Christianity with more devotion and singleness of mind, than he. His own penetration and sagacious foresight anticipated the precise evil that is now working us injury. Throughout those six immortal volumes, that are doing and are destined to do, more than all other agencies combined to enlighten this country with our simple and scriptural doctrine, you can find unmistakable proofs that he dreaded the consolidation of an Unitarian sect; that he saw incipient causes in operation, which to his eye, threatened to render us false to our high trust, and forgetful of our original, exalted vocation. It would be easy to cull from those pages such an array of support to this assertion, as would provide abundant ground for my positions. How strange, that they who loudly admire his principles, and accept him as their Teacher, should overlook this important feature of his instructions! However some who have committed themselves may refuse to admit it, the impartial student of Dr. Channing's writings will acquit him of all responsibilty for whatever failures and misfortunes may result to Unitarian denominationalism. In fact, nothing is clearer, than that those very expressions, which were caught from his lips by the poor busy-bodies of sectdom, who had not the capacity to comprehend him, and were absurdly perverted into a recantation of the cherished faith of his life and his death,—pointed to no more nor less than just this simple conviction; that Unitarian Christianity would prove unworthy of its name, the moment it should make that name its boast; that its real office was to abolish forever old sects, not to create a new one; that its legitimate ministry was to plant an individual faith, and encourage to practical righteousness, not to build walls of separation, or make another rent in the robe of Christ. Any mind that can appreciate Dr. Channing's instinctive disgust at all narrowness, bigotry and clanship, his enthusiasm for freedom, largeness of sympathy and universal toleration, cannot wonder that he shrunk from being identified with a contentious and pushing party, or can doubt that even his strong attachment for the fraternity, that he had affectionately associated with, as being the freest and truest to be found, would have yielded before his contempt of spiritual assumption and exclusiveness. This is the whole meaning of his words of apprehension, or apparent coolness, whether spoken in public or in private. So far from any diminution of confidence in the doctrines called Unitarian, at the last,—it was his ever increasing attachment to these, that quickened his anxiety lest they should be compromised by false action.

The same, substantially, might be asserted of many others, the leading believers in these doctrines. A large proportion of the finer and larger souls that have recognised their truth, have disowned any sectarian, or very distinct denominational aim. These were the truest Unitarians. And a rigid scrutiny into the lives and bearing of even those who have apparently leaned in the other direction, under particular biases, would show, I think, that what was best and worthiest in their influence, did not proceed from their party relations. May I venture to include yourself, sir, whose services liberal Christianity will not readily forget, in this number?

The notion, which I believe has been put forward somewhere,—that the way by which Unitarians are to extinguish sects and promote unity, is only by building up a sect of their own, and making that universal,—is a pretence as arrogant and presuming, as it is unphilosophical, and contrary to all experience. Its fragility will not bear a single glance of consistent logic. So able a reasoner as you, sir, cannot fail to notice its fallacy.

I propose to ask your attention as briefly as I can, to a few, out of a great number of considerations, going to show that the denominational tendency, as it may be loosely but conveniently designated, can be productive of no other than mischievous consequences to the truth that we have most at heart; and that those consequences extend somewhat more deeply into the region of essential and absolute right, than certain of us seem to imagine. Some of them are, I think, peculiarly pertinent to the present condition of things. I submit them cheerfully and confidently to your candid and honest judgment.

1. The tendency referred to is adapted to repel from us the full respect of the best scholars and thinkers, and deprive us of the solid strength which, apart from this error, we might claim, and should receive, at their hands. Scholarship and thought,—it is these that have endowed us (when I say us I mean the general and indefinitely bounded brotherhood of Liberal Christians, which, as a matter of fact, is all that any Unitarian can mean by that word) with our respectability, opened men's eyes to see the scripturalness and reasonableness of our sentiments, and secured the steady advance that those sentiments have made. Without them, we cannot hope to accomplish anything. Ignorance and blind feeling can achieve nothing but ridiculous blunders, spasmodic grimaces and wretched abortions, with our theology, either in its practical or speculative bearings. And yet we forfeit the assistance of those mighty helpers, as surely as we lay the chief stress on denominational success, or turn our ingenuity to the management of outward machinery. Strong understandings will not consent to be engrossed with those superficial and secondary concerns. *They* must be conversant mostly with the kingdom of ideas. They must grasp, explore, develope and expound, a system of truth. The atmosphere around their labor must be intellectual and spiritual. Some of the best intellects have been attracted to our methods of religious investigation, and have accepted our conclusions, because they found them most congenial to large and expansive habitudes of mind. Can you expect them to continue their adhesion to us as a company, if they see us turning back to the "weak and beggarly elements;" to the petty wranglings of party aggrandisement; and acquiring a fame only for expedients and stratagems that redound to a cheap and private glory? Can you reasonably suppose, sir, that men who have plunged into the profounder inquiries of pure metaphysics, have toiled perseveringly through the massive storehouses of ancient erudition, have measured with the rod in their own hand the limits of critical and exegetical research, have sat at the feet of History installed in her august preceptorship,—have bent themselves to the most imposing task of studious enterprise,—that such as these will consent to lay down their acquisitions at the shrine of a sect exalted into a God! to apply the crowning test of their various processes of analysis to the treasury of an ecclesiastical stock-company! and to complete the wide range and circuit of their survey of the domains of learning, at the Bureau of a Board of Directors and General Secretary! Really, sir, if this were possible, we should have but melancholy occasion to exclaim,—

> "For this, hath science searched, on weary wing,
> By shore and sea, each mute and living thing?
> O star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there
> To waft us home this message of despair?"

Besides, sir, the habits of true scholarship have the inevitable effect to liberalize the mind. And that very spirit which all our culture has helped to nourish and diffuse, will now either interpose to prevent us from being shrivelled into a petty clique, or else break away from our littleness to seek broader sympathies, leaving our *ism* to dwindle into a more insignificant nothingness, and either die of marasmus, or meet the more ignominous fate of a *felo de se.*

2. The tendency in question would lead our usages into certain galvanic imitations of a vigorous and living church order that would expose us to the contempt of all that are accustomed to observe such things. It is not my intention to leave discussing my subject in the general terms that best befit it, for the purpose of introducing a reference to specific details, however pertinent the examples and illustrations that might be adduced. For I am apprised that it is often an unfortunate allusion to some pet custom, or official station, or mode of effort, really of the slightest moment in itself, which awakens personal pique and animosity, clouding and confusing the right perception of the truth. A principle put into a general proposition is often readily admitted, when if conveyed in the form of a concrete statement, or applied in a particular instance, it would encounter nothing but opposition. Now if we are to aim at denominational growth and the enlargement of a distinctive sect, we must of course be able to show our statistics, (how unfortunate that our great master of statistics is of the unsectarian class!) to count our congregations, to reckon up our accounts of loss and gain, to review our ranks, regulate our supplies, and report at the quarter-master's department. To this, and looking at the matter in the actual operation it is difficult to see for what *effectual* purpose other than this,—it is necessary that we should sustain a feint of ecclesiastical rule and order. The reality has gone from among us long ago. But we must have, forsooth, the *appearance* of councils and their various appendages, and so the simulacrum remains. I certainly would not depart, sir, from the ancient and honorable propriety of speaking respectfully *de mortuis.* But if the Ecclesiastical councils of Unitarians would enjoy the benefit of that clause, they must not permit exertions to be made for their resuscitation, not for prolonging in them an existence paroxysmatic and abnormal. No judicious and sensible person, I presume, can regard a considerable number of our recent councils for Ordination and Installation, as deserving any more dignified designation than that of solemn farces,—ceremonies, too, in which the farcical element threatens more and more to endanger the solemnity. At one occasion, there is some perplexing informality in the Letter-missive; at another, in the proceedings of the session. Sometimes the question,—appalling to the wisest counsellors,—comes up, What constitutes a Pastor? and again, What constitutes a Parish? and again, What constitutes a Church? Here it is doubted whether the candidate was lawfully called, and by the right parties; and there, whether, being called, he has any business to accept. In one case it is thought that nobody has a right to come into the council except it pleases all the other members that he shall; in another, that the members have nothing to say with reference to that or in fact any other question; in another still, that a creed is the only way of determining what is what,—a very natural notion. Here, it is thought that the responsibility of determining who may be admitted to sit in a Council rests with the parish; there, that it rests with some central Association, or Synod; and farther on, that the list invited reveals, to a certainty, the theological predilections of the candidate. One parish seeks for the elders and angels of Churches in the local vicinity, with suitable omissions; others summon them from afar, even from the corners of the land. In one town, the Ordination is by the Council; in the next, by the Society at large; in the next, by the Standing Committee. In one instance at least, a council was called together, fondly deluding itself with the idea that it was for some grave purpose; when lo! it turned out that its "occupation was gone" even before it had any being; for the Society avowed, in effect, in its face, that they had fully resolved to do their own will; and if the members of the Council were not satisfied with this style of courtesy, they might solace themselves in the bosoms of their respective families. A condition is imposed, but its violation makes no sort of difference with the result. A test is set up, but rationalist and supernaturalist, deist and trinitarian, contrive to satisfy it alike.—One young candidate leaves his certificate of chuch membership and theological education, locked up in his trunk, a dozen miles away. "It is considered indispensable in *our rules*," says the moderator; and the faces of all parties say as distinctly as possible, "we can't help it, sir; you know as well as we that it is of no kind of consequence." In a recent case of this description, no one happening to be present to vouch for the candidate, in lieu of the necessary certificate, he vouched for himself; a very convenient course, suggesting several things touching the significance of the whole rite. And, strangely enough, when it was found that absolutely nothing was to be authoritatively known respecting the candidate except from his own lips, a motion being made respectfully to invite him to give a brief synopsis of his views on prominent topics, several members, who had accepted their invitations, thereby giving some reason to suppose that they came there for some object, voted against its adoption! The most remarkable circumstance, however, is this; that whatever difficulties rear their front in the way, whatever comes out respecting people, candidate, or formalities, the bell-ringing heals every discord, solves every difficulty, and all concerned are sure to bring up safely at the meeting house, ten minutes or thereabouts after the appointed hour, valorously bearing the results of their masterly deliberations, and ready in the phrase of the occasion, "to proceed to ordination." These, sir, are some of the beauties and consistencies of those Ecclesiastical usages, which well informed persons yet stickle for with keen solicitude. The fact may as well be stated,—no hair of our heads will be hurt by it,—we were not made for councils and synods, nor councils and synods for us. Very few ministers attend these unmeaning occasions, without a vague feeling at the adjournment that they have witnessed a sham, and perhaps belittled themselves by participating in a practical absurdity. Sir, have we not something fairer and nobler to do than to be preserving the fragments, and perpetrating the lifeless mockeries, of institutions, out of which all virtue has departed? At the same time, this is but a subordinate consideration; and I must protest against being supposed to attach to it the importance which belongs to other views of the subject. It is better that councils should stand, —fruitless and empty of all vitality as they are, —than that effects yet to be noticed should be developed.

3. It deserves to be at least inquired, whether a carefulness about the interests of the denomination, and about the figure it is making among the sects, does not naturally conduct to some mistaken methods of procedure, in respect to the outward relations, and propagation, of our religious ideas. Does it not breed a bad disposition of proselytism,—which, if outwardly more decent than that of some sects, cannot be less offensive to God, or less hurtful to the dimensions of our hearts? Does it not humble too many small societies into a feeling of disadvantage and inferiority, or worse, of jealousy and envious discontent, because they have not numbers sufficient to make so imposing a display as their neighbors;—whereas they ought to have relied on a kind of distinction entirely different? Does it not occasion unauthorized pecuniary outlays, by feeble societies, for stately edifices and comely furniture, and sonorous organs, involving those that incur the expenditure, in hopeless and burdensome obligations, almost strangling some promising parishes at their birth? Does it not bring the eleemosynary spirit into a

needlessly active operation, and create a frequent state of dependence on charity, sending processions of committees up, begging, to Boston? And thus by a system of forced charities, through appeals to the honor of the cause, for the rescue of indebted churches, does it not repress a healthy and natural interest in missions, and diminish, rather than increase, our spontaneous almsgivings! Has it not drained the treasury of the American Unitarian Association, in the maintenance of out-posts that ought never to have been established, and by doling out sums for undertakings born to perish, gone nigh, within the last twelvemonth, to render this institution bankrupt,—an institution, that ought, in right of the principles it professes to represent, to be doing a majestic work on the public mind of the whole United States! It is a sad delusion to suppose that Liberal opinions are always, and in every place, to be best promoted, by making the experiment of a separate administration, with a small and not self-supporting assembly, cramped means, an ineffective and ordinary ministry, and the general liability to be wrought upon by the bad passions of competition. Often in this way, opposition is provoked, an unfavorable rather than a favorable impression of our faith is implanted, men commit themselves to partizan movements, the meagreness of the transaction becomes more conspicuous every way than its dignity; and in a few months the effort subsides, leaving matters worse than before. By a more generous, patient, but less denominational mode of action, the tone of sentiment in the whole community might have been gradually liberalized. The few avowed Unitarians there might have borne their inconveniences at less moral expense than the "effort" has cost them; and their endurance, with their quiet and pure example, would have recommended their views, preaching their doctrines more eloquently than some unskilful tongue, subject to manifold infirmities. Of course this is not a description of every case. There are openings for a different course. But none of us can have been insensible to the discrepancy between the opportunities for the Association, and its achievements; between the breadth of its nominal design, and the narrowness of its execution. It must sink its denominational aspect, more and more, keep it down, and work more in accordance with the laws of nature and Providence, and the spirit of a lofty generosity,—if it would be blessed and prosper. May it not be that the importance of hearing one's own doctrines presented every sabbath from a pulpit, has been exaggerated: that this great privilege *can* be purchased at the sacrifice of something more valuable; and that in the absence of it, the spiritual substance it should yield may be derived from other sources,—less objectionable, less costly, less likely to seal the ears of those that most need a softening and humanizing message!

4. An absorbed devotion to the machinery, appliances and results of denominational exertion,—especially where that devotion crowds out the presence and usurps the place of higher purposes, inflicts a very serious wrong on the individual soul, that is subject to the passion. Painful experiences have put this declaration beyond the range of questionable propositions. Every expostulation against servility to a creed and a name, every appeal in behalf of our individual faith and our unbiased liberty of thought, that Liberal Christianity has given utterance to, stands, an abiding remonstrance against this subtle temptation. By a fatal facility, men mistake for loyalty to principles, their allegiance to a sect; they sophisticate themselves into a belief that while they wrangle for a dogma, they "contend earnestly for the faith," and commendably. They glide into the easy delusion that there is no way to serve a truth, but to be zealous for the doctrines that once expressed it. When this self-deception begins, the highest style of Christian manhood and manners ends. There are those now living, who present far less noble specimens of what a liberal culture produces, than they would exhibit, had they learned in no other school but that of Christ. Our various publications are too often, as you must be aware, sir, defiled and marred by the breathings of a spirit, suggesting not so much "airs from Heaven," as, "blasts from Hell." And no injury can compare in magnitude, or in the gloominess of the desolation it causes, with that which fetters the mind, or corrupts the simplicity and disturbs the affections of the Christian heart.

5. The evil that I have ventured to characterise as such, presents itself in a yet more deplorable aspect, when we observe how mischievously it interferes with the accomplishment of desirable and worthy objects, by Liberal Christianity, for which the existing position of religious bodies presents a singularly favorable opportunity. Never was there a time—whatever those may think who judge wholly from external signs and partizan victories,—when the real power of Liberal opinions was so intensely and effectively working, and so appreciably felt, or when there was so much receptivity for these doctrines in their *substance*,—not to speak of names,—as at this hour. And here, in passing, I cannot avoid asking you, sir, whether it is not one of the evils of relying too implicitly on organised operations, that whenever these, from any superficial cause, happen to flag, a despondent or alarmed state of mind, really quite unfounded, is the consequence, —deleterious to whole-hearted endeavors, and to the energy that comes only from a faith in the thing done? Is it not true that there are unusual opportunities, now, for communicating the essential truth we hold, however it may be with the old organs of activity? In Massachusetts, in all New England, throughout the entire land, there is a better chance for any rational doctrine to get a hearing, to take hold of the popular mind, to outlive the enmity of hierarchists and popes *in parvo*, than at any previous juncture of history. The spread of general information, a free form of government, independent habits, individuality of judgement, the removal of the social and conventional restraints obtaining in older nations, universal education, fatigue of effete and exhausted systems of discipline, and a sharper insight into assumptions of authority,—these are all, and most unequivocally, in our favor. The various movements of Reform, and manifestations of the spirit of humanity, while they snap creed-bound bodies into fragments, or heave them from their centre of gravity, cannot injure us; embarrass us only just in proportion as we affect to be denominational; and if we are true to ourselves, will serve but to strengthen and set forward our principles. Not less encouraging are the indications offered to view, from the Theological struggles of the time. It has come to be understood, that it is about as indefinite a description to say of a man, for instance, that he is "Orthodox" as to say that he is an Anglo-Saxon. Orthodoxy is assuming the nature of a generic title, again; including under it several species marked by striking diversities. One can no more determine an Orthodox believer's theology, much longer, by his name, than he can affirm, on hearing a man called a German, to what civil principality, duchy, or kingdom he belongs. Other questions must follow and be answered. This shows that a taste for conscientious investigation and free discussion has seized on Christians hitherto lying dormant, under rigid rules and prescriptions; and this is enough. We have no right to ask any thing more. If we are true to our pretensions, we must confess that our prayers are answered; and we have no more right to ask that all shall call themselves Unitarians, or by any other distinctive appellation, than that they shall please to consider all our claims of liberality as a pleasant burlesque. On the other hand, so far from its being true, as an uninformed writer has almost ludicrously insinuated, that "Unitarianism is just ready to fall as ripe fruit into the hands of Episcopacy," Episcopacy itself is finding occasion, to discover that it is hardly likely to ripen any fruit of its own, into a genial, full and complete maturity. The writer himself, however, who ignorantly made this assertion, gives an honorable example of the spirit we should most desire to see extended. Standing in the Orthodox denomination, so-called, he is doing as much for our cause,—to our shame be it admitted,—as any one of us. He has emancipated himself from all outward shackles, and appears the avowed and earnest friend of progress. Compared with this, how unimportant is his particular speculative system! What matters it that he should join, or refuse to join, any Unitarian organization,—provided he can do, by remaining where he is, better service to those liberal principles, which we have always pretended were the only gain we contended for! It is not easy, it is true, to overestimate the value of right doctrine; yet what is more evident than that the shortest and surest path to right doctrine lies through the largest toleration and individual freedom; while that path is obstructed by every form of denominational restraint and sectarian pride. It is better to be a Unitarian, than a Trinitarian, in any form of Trinitarianism, whether Athanasian or Modal. But it is idle to presume that you can as readily convince men of this, by meeting them with the front of a compacted and drilled denominational organization, as with the simple word of loving persuasion on your lips, and pledge of fellowship in our unhampered hand. The gentleman just referred to, is but one of an enlightened company, under the Orthodox designation, who are reflecting dignity and honor upon their connection, and benefitting the community and conferring a deserved compliment upon our better endeavors.

> "O Ayr, my dear, my native ground,
> Within thy presbyterial bound
> A candid, liberal band is found
> Of public teachers;
> As men, as Christians too, renowned,
> An' many preachers."

The Theological School at Andover, blessed with the tuition of two or three scholarlike and progressive teachers, is reforming the Theology of New England Calvinism, while it expands its charity. New Haven will not stay behind. Through the gentlemanly courtesy that distinguishes them, Episcopalian clergymen and laymen have come into amiable personal relations with Unitarians, and have thus learned to respect them. Corresponding facts are to be noticed in other sects. The leading Professor at the Newton Baptist Institution is no bigot towards Unitarians; nor is the most influential Baptist minister in Boston. And what most draws the confidence of these men towards us, is what is least denominational in our complexion.

And furthermore, it deserves serious consideration, that a most respectable and increasing class of laymen amongst ourselves, not to speak of ministers,—persons of the highest intelligence, refinement, Christian zeal, sincerity and influence in our community, have no sympathy with denominational measures. They love truth, justice, benevolence, piety; but they do not love sectarian wires and pulleys. They are ready to bless the world with their charities, but not to construct another temple to discord. They are above the tricks and artifices and mechanism of a faction. Some of them are hoary with years; others are fresh and strong with youth. They are not to be cajoled into any routine by false pride. If we go on waxing more and more a sect, we shall lose their fellowship, their co-operation, their regard, and all the honor that springs from association with them. A loss, sir, which we cannot afford to sustain. Our bitterest enemies cannot wish us a worse calamity than that we should redouble for a compacted denomination.

With such fellow-workers then close by, and ready to stretch out their arms to help us on, to pour affluent means into our hands if we will but use them generously and manfully; with the most enlightened of thinkers offering us their countenance; how can we be muttering our Shibboleth at the gate! With so rich a harvest waving in our sight, how is it possible we can be content to bend our eyes earthward, and bind our sheaves of threshen straw, and gather the chaff into garners, and cast the wheat away!

6. I have room to urge but a single objection further, sir, against the mistake under discussion. It may be made to include a broad compass of objections. This denominational tendency is contrary to the genius, the design, the promise of Liberal Christianity. Whether we could, indeed, with any amount of diligence and talent, ever succeed in building up a denominational existence that should figure momentously among the organisms of modern society, I need not ask. It is enough, that the more we should do in that direction, the more harm we should do, whether success or failure should await our exertions. The genius of Liberal Christianity, you need not be told, sir, is essentially benignant, expansive, charitable, all-embracing. This tendency, however we may disguise it to ourselves, is essentially inimical, contracted, intolerant, exclusive. The design of Liberal Christianity,—who knows it better than yourself, sir?—is to remove the barriers that separate one sect from another, and one Christian from another; to gather all together on the common field of deference and discipleship to Christ alone, to promote a free investigation of God's word in the Scriptures, an unrestricted exercise of the devout and reverential reason, and a personal righteousness in all the relations of life. But this tendency divides the Christian family, alienates neighbors, embitters society, makes others than Christ masters, extinguishes his heavenly love, distracts the Church, nullifies the Bible, emasculates the soul's vigor, and laughs the reason to scorn. The promise of Liberal Christianity is to make mankind a brotherhood, "doing justice, loving mercy and walking humbly before God." This tendency, on the other hand, provokes them to contention, tempts them to deceive and defraud, and worships the creature more than the Creator. And all these mischiefs is denominationalism accountable for, though it draws verbal distinctions between itself and sectarianism, though it nominally abjures unkindness, and politely sheds crocodile tears over the deep dissensions it perpetuates. Noble as the work is that Unitarian Christianity has already accomplished, notwithstanding its errors, that work might well have been nobler yet, and larger. As it outgrows more and more its liability to the weaknesses around it, and the infirmities incident to a fallible and imperfect, but progressive condition, it will fulfil more regularly its exalted destiny.

Our spasmodic strivings for a true union and universal fellowship, will take a harmonious and orderly character, when we escape the delusion, that union and fellowship are consistent with a denominational drill, or that a catholic spirit is promoted by a limitation of interests,—an error to which I am afraid some of your writings lend their countenance.

Sir, permit me to repeat, that the real office of Unitarian Christianity is not to create and compact a new sect; but to blend and thus gradually to abolish old ones. It is not to fabricate and keep in motion a great denominational machine; but to awaken and diffuse a spirit. A spiritual agency, it has a spiritual purport. Its errand here is to ameliorate and reform the world, to renew the faded likeness of divinity in the human heart; to remove abuses, slaveries, and sins, and christianize governments. It is to kindle in the soul a deeper devotion to God, and purer aspirations after a nearer resemblance to his perfect Son, Jesus Christ. It is to proclaim, by the lips of individual messengers, and the example of loving men, the message from Heaven, liberty to the captive, the opening of the eyes to the blind, forgiveness to the penitent, refreshment to the weary, and to preach the gospel to the poor. It is to set righteousness of life above the outside badges of conformity, and to lift up the whole level and vision of our being above the partitions of forms and creeds, above the noise and play of material arrangements, above selfishness, and partizanship, and worldliness, and sin. It is to raise by word and deed, from heart and hand, the prayer, that the hour"

> "May come, when, all false gods, false creeds, false prophets
> Demolished,—the great world shall be at last
> The mercy-seat of God, the heritage
> Of Christ, and the possession of the Spirit,
> The Comforter, the Wisdom! shall all be
> One land, one home, one friend, one faith, one law,
> Its ruler God, its practice righteousness,
> Its life peace!"

So you will admit. And will you not be compelled to admit, also, that it is a vast descent when we come down from these objects, to consult for the pushing forth, in this direction and that, of a denomination? that a single-hearted devotion to this grand aim is incompatible with drudging in the traces of a party?

I know it will be said that we need a denominational system for these very purposes. No, sir. We need for the present some simple contrivances, here and there, detached from one another, yet mutually friendly—for diffusing liberal ideas, not as against any sect, not under any specific name or patronage,—only in Christ's name, and for the truth's sake. We ought to take peculiar care to avoid everything like a denominational system. We need to cultivate the kindliest sympathies, the most glowing and cordial affections, and to seek every fair occasion of mingling socially, not ecclesiastically, with brethren of any and every form of faith alike; just as we mingle in the intercourse of general society, without any reference to the division lines of sects. We need to ignore and abjure every kind of association that wears a party aspect. And for the rest, for more satisfactory and consoling external relations,—we should be content to wait, till the Providence of God, blessing our natural and humble labors, shall render them possible by the Advent of one great Catholic kingdom, the New Jerusalem, coming down from Heaven,—the undivided Church of one Lord and Head.

I am fully sensible that there will be those, the scope of whose intellectual and moral calibre will not permit them to look much beyond means and appliances, however simple these may be. It is a matter of regret, but hardly of alarm; and it ought not to be of impatience. To that class belong those who think that the truth would perish with the denomination, and that wisdom will pass away with the little array of ways and means that have bounded and satisfied their desires. For such, the world does not wait.

I bring my communication to a close. It will occur to you, possibly, that many of the views contained in it correspond with some that were advanced in a sermon, preached at the Hollis street Church in Boston, by Rev. Dr. Putman, more than a year ago. The correspondence, I think, is to a certain extent real. I refer to the discourse, here, not to disturb the complacency of those critics, who valiantly disposed of its contents, without touching its chief positions, only by woful wails at some applications of truth to cherished trifles,—but rather to acknowledge my obligations to its author for its ability and its timeliness. There were those, I remember, who, at the time, did not think the treatment it received, quite worthy of our brotherhood,—quite in keeping either with the good temper, or the high breeding of our Theological manners. There were those,—and if I am not mistaken a goodly number of our younger men and preachers were among them, who responded, silently but heartily, and at once, to what was there so unequivocally uttered. There were those, sir, I venture to add, who read, with pained and mortified sensibilities, the notice you were pleased to take of that production, in our leading journals,—as being a probable subject of subsequent regret to yourself, as a wide and not creditable departure from the uniform urbanity and fairness of your critical performances, and as furnishing an unfortunate commentary to other eyes on our standard of Theological reviewing. The sermon was not so well calculated for popular and momentary effect, as some others. Perhaps it was not intended for that kind of celebrity. Had it dealt more with general reasoning, and less with offensive details, the opposition to it would have been less bitter, and the critics would have been spared some sin. John Milton wrote: "This ill-hap waits on the nativity of Truth—that she never comes into the world but to the ignominy of him that brought her forth, till Time have washed and salted the infant, and declared her legitimate. Error supports custom; custom countenances error; and these two, with the numerous and vulgar train of their followers, do envy and cry down the industry of free reasoning, under the terms of humor and innovation; and between them would persecute and chase away all truth and solid wisdom out of human life, were it not that God, once in many ages, calls together the prudent and religious counsels of men, deputed to repress their encroachments." A few months have gone by, and it would seem to a thoughtful looker-on, as if the signs here and there indubitably given, that the doctrine of the sermon was not lost, must be to the preacher more than an offset to the superficial flings of petulance that greeted his well-meant instructions.

But there is that which is of more worth, and more sacredness than the fame of men, the immortal majesty of simple Truth herself. Let us labor, forbearingly, together, to remove what obstructions we may from her progress around the grateful world.

I am, dear sir, your sincere friend,
the friend of Liberal Christianity,
and an humble servant of both.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 9, 1847.

REMOVAL.

☞ The office of the Christian Register is removed to No. 22 School Street, to the building called "Harding's gallery," near Washington street.

THE LETTER TO DR. GANNETT.

This letter deserves and will doubtless receive an attentive perusal. There are principles discussed in it of vital importance. The writer gives expression to convictions which he entertains in common with other brethren and which are most conscientiously cherished. He has presented certainly a very able view of his side of the question. He speaks as unto wise men, who are able to judge of the strength and utility of his positions.

For ourselves, he does not carry us entirely with him. He may be a credible witness, but we should want more testimony to the existence of the evils he describes. The earnestness of his zeal has, we think, led him unconsciously to exaggeration. We have no space for comment the present week. We hope some reply on the other side from abler hands, will relieve us of the necessity of attempting it ourselves. The consideration of such a question in a frank, generous spirit, may perhaps be proper for the approaching Convention. Whatever result be reached as to the merits of the question, we trust that we shall agree to differ, if differ we must.

ORDINATION.

On Wednesday afternoon, agreeably to notice, Mr. Frederick Newman Knapp was ordained at Brookline as colleague pastor with the Rev. John Pierce, D. D. The following was the order of services:

1. Anthem. 2. Introductory Prayer, by the Rev. Martin W. Willis, of Walpole. 3. The Reading of the Scriptures, by the Rev. F. A. Whitney, of Brighton. 4. Selected Hymn, by S. Longfellow. 5. Sermon, by the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, of New York City. 6. Prayer of Ordination, by the Rev. George Putnam, D. D. of Roxbury. 7. Charge, by the Senior Pastor. 8. Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham; 9. Original Hymn, by T. H. 10. Concluding Prayer, by Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Newburyport. 12. Benediction, by Rev. F. N. Knapp.

The day, as probably every one anticipated from the favoring Providence which uniformly smiles on Dr. Pierce, was very pleasant, and the services were of a character that shed an auspicious and consecrating influence on the connexion then formed between the pastors, and between the youthful shepherd and the people of his charge. Mr. Bellows' sermon was from Rom. vii. 22—5. "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am: who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord."—The sermon was an hour and a half in length. We give a very meagre and hasty sketch of it.—Mr. B. commenced with some discriminating remarks on the relative value of the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles. The Gospels present absolute Christianity, its morality and spirit; the Acts, its first public proclamation to the world; the Epistles, the method of applying it to the individual heart. It is of little avail to admire and praise the spirit of Christianity, if the preacher does not know how to communicate it. This method he must learn especially from the Epistles,—and this is Theology.—Christianity is sometimes defined as absolute morality, religion is identified with goodness. But Christianity is rather a means to operate on man's alienated affections; religion is a *way* of life—*a bond to bind the soul to God* —to restore to goodness. There are obstacles presented in human nature and the human condition. Christianity is a means to reach these, and overcome them. The usefulness of the preacher is of consequence connected with his theory of preaching. He must know in what moral condition Christianity asserts men to be, must perceive the way by which man is brought from what he is to what he ought to be.

Mr. Bellows proceeded to consider in order, first the preacher's aim. Secondly, the necessity of a correct and definite idea of what constitutes the obstacle in man's nature to religion. Thirdly, how to accomplish man's redemption, his deliverance from a state of sin to a state of holiness; produce his reconciliation unto God.

1. The preacher's object is definite and fixed. It is primarily to beget the Christian nature, not form the Christian character. It is regeneration—creating anew—not developement, not improvement, not cultivation of taste. A man's relations may be all disordered, and he may go on so. Progress is not necessarily improvement, refinement is not necessarily spirituality, a show of large humanity is not true love to God and man; for in the French revolution there was the cry of the rights of man, the claims of the oppressed, but it ended in forgetfulness of private obligation, and disregard of true righteousness.—The plague rages when the sky is clear. There is perception of duty, and duty is violated.—Humanity is not the first commandment, but charity out of a pure heart. The aim of the true preacher is positive, limited, personal. It is to move man one great step, it is to change the citizenship of the soul, it is to bring man to the recognition of his private relationship as a child of God, whence true good works will proceed. Regeneration, conversion, is the preacher's proper and definite aim. Man is a moral rebel, who must be reconciled. Sin is no offence to him, until seen in the light of his relation to the law of God. It is by the commandment, that sin becomes exceeding sinful. To convict therefore of sin, by revealing the divine nature, and the relation of man to God; to show that man is responsible for what he is; to secure his acceptance of God, as Sovereign and Father—this should be the preacher's aim.

2. Christianity implies an obstacle in man's nature, in the way of his serving God. He has a law in his flesh warring against the law in his mind. There is a proclivity to evil, hastened on by hereditary tendencies. Man's unaided power is unequal to his recovery to God and holiness. Christ is the complement of humanity. He came to fill up that which is lacking. He came to impart the needed help. He was sent to destroy the works of the devil. Physical evil is not more under the divine control than moral.—In man, however, is a sense of responsibility for his sins—this sense is a part of his nature—and it is the means by which he will be restored from sin to holiness.—The preacher therefore must make his appeal to man as a sinner, and he must know in what sin consists—that there is sin though covered up under the amenities of life—sin that is real and fruit-bearing—actual sin showing itself at home in the domestic relations, if not abroad—secret sin in self-indulgence—the deceitfulness of one's own heart. The preacher will not neglect to take account of differencies in degree of alienation—of the different angles of the soul's departure from God and his law—that there is hereditary goodness as well as evil—that human nature is mixed;—but still he will regard man as a sinner, and he will call not the righteous but sinners to repentance. He will feel his mission to be, like the son of man's, to seek and save that which was lost, to call to life that which was dead in trespasses and sin—to overcome the obstacles in the way of repentance, and present man perfect before God.

3. How to produce reconciliation—make sinners Christians. The preacher must remember that a part of man's nature is loyal; a part in bondage; and deliverance comes through Jesus Christ. Man delights in the law of God, after the inward man. It is his executive nature, the practical will, that is in bondage. Interposition from above is necessary. It has come through Christ. Man unaided is incapable of obeying God. Through Christ is the divine power to help him and deliver him. Mankind were like the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, until the great physician came. God hath chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world, having predestinated us unto the adoption of children to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will. Christ is part of God's prearranged plan, in the moral government of the world. The gospel begets motives. It does not merely develope, it infuses strength. How inefficient is all human philosophy to do the work! God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.—Mr. B. closed with an impressive address to the candidate.

The charge had a peculiarity which we never before witnessed in the part of the ordination services. It was from beginning to end in the language of the Scriptures. It was "not the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth," and was remarkably appropriate from the lips of the venerable senior pastor.

At the conclusion of the services, the invited guests assembled at the town hall, where the repast was set before them with a cordial invitation from Dr. Wilde.

"The wedding was furnished with guests" of both sexes; and it could not have been very well said, "and yet there is room." The senior pastor took occasion to say, in a happy toast alluding to the nature of the occasion and the presence of woman, that it was the *one hundred and thirty-sixth* ordination he had attended, and the *third* which was conducted, in the festival part of it, as it ought to be.

THE CONVENTION AT SALEM.

"We understand that our friends in Salem are expecting an unusually large number of brethren at the Convention on the 19th; that a committee of arrangements from the several Societies has been appointed; and that they are already engaged in making the necessary preparations. We trust they will not be disappointed. We hope that our brethren at a distance will feel an impulse to attend, and that we may see a full and animated Convention which shall exhibit and diffuse the true life of the Gospel of liberty, holiness and love."

☞ The length of the letter to Dr. Gannett, excludes several other communications, and forces some matter upon the fourth page, which was arranged for the first—among it, the omitted portions of the correspondence of the Inquirer, mentioned in last week's Register. It is but justice to say, that some other parts of the letter were also omitted, besides this which relates to Universalists, and among them a highly complimentary paragraph on the Unitarian clergy. We hope our brethren will not add this sin also to our charge; but if they choose to find fault about it, it shall be forthcoming.

☞ Gov. Briggs has appointed Thursday the 25th day of November, as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

For the Register.

LUCERNE, Aug. 21st, 1847.

Since leaving the Rhine at Mayence, I have travelled through a great part of Germany, and have seen the most memorable things which that country—second only to Italy in historic and artistic interest—can exhibit. Two or three days were spent at Frankfort on the Maine, the first of the four free cities of the German Confederation and the seat of its conventions; interesting as the coronation-city of the Roman-German emperors, as the scene of so much magnificence in ages past; more interesting to me as the birth-place of Goethe. To him a colossal statue of bronze by Schwarthaler has been erected in the *Stadtallee*. I could not reconcile myself to the wreath in the left hand, but the rest is worthy the subject and the author. The four sides of the pedestal exhibit in relief, well-conceived and beautifully executed designs from Goethe's works. I remember, in particular, scenes from Faust, from Herrmann and Dorothea and from Egmont. In the *Hirschgraben* stands the house in which the great poet was born. I contrasted it in my mind with that in Stratford in which a greater than he first saw the light. The difference answers to the different fortunes of the two—the stage player and the prime minister. A stately mansion is that of Goethe; originally, no doubt, one of the lordliest of the place. Though old-fashioned, it has still an aristocratic air, and is now occupied by one of the senators of the city. Each story juts over the one beneath it, in the style so common in the seventeenth century, the gable projecting nearly three feet beyond the basement. It bears the inscription, "*In diesem Hanse ward Goethe geboren.*" Frankfort has two faces. The old and the new are brought into strange contrast. I thought how consonant both with the genius of Goethe—the old *Reichsstadt* with its historical associations which he loved so well, and the gas-illumined, rail-way-traversed, English-swarming Frankfort of the present day, the centre of travel and of traffic.

In Eisenach I climbed the Wartburg where Luther was confined after the diet of Worms, and saw the room in which he translated the Bible. The blot on the wall where he hurled his inkstand at the Devil, who opposed his undertaking, is no more, but instead thereof, a hole in the plaister; the blackened piece having been cut out and abstracted some years ago, as the keeper informed me, by an unscrupulous antiquarian who took advantage of his absence. The room is small—a mere cell—but the windows command a magnificent view of the Marienthal (for the Wartburg is situated on the top of a mountain) which compensates for the narrowness within. I can imagine how it must have refreshed the heart of the stout reformer in the intervals of labor. A curious old table, the property of Luther's parents—the table at which, as the keeper said, Martin was "brought up," (*grossgezogen wurde*) was purchased by the Government some time since of a remote branch of the family to whom it had descended, and very appropriately placed in this room, together with some old pictures of Hans Luther and his wife, of Martin and his wife, of the Dukes John and Frederic, by Lucas Kranach and others. The only piece of furniture which remains from the time of Luther's occupation is one of the vertebrae of a mammoth which is supposed to have been used by him for a footstool. A fit accompaniment to the mammoth enterprise in which he was engaged.

Dresden disappointed me in every thing but the far famed Sistine Madonna, which transcends all criticism, and seems less a creation of human hands than a real presence of super-human beauty. Prague, on the other hand, the city of Libussa and Charles IV., richly repaid a very fatiguing journey with its local peculiarities and historical antiquities—the memorials of Huss of Tycho Brahe and Saint Nepomuk? In the church in which Huss first administered the communion in both kinds, that sacrament, I was told, is still so administered, though in all other respects conforming with the Romish discipline. In the Tein-church is the grave of Tycho Brahe with the inscription, *Non fasces nec opes, sola artis sceptra perennant.*

The silver sarcophagus of Nepomuk in the St. Vitus church is a work of exquisite art as well as immense cost, and constitutes as far as I can remember the only monument, I mean the only historical one, which has ever been erected in honor of silence. The tongue of the saint who suffered martyrdom rather than reveal the secrets of the confessional, is preserved in a receptacle of pure chrystal.

In Vienna, the great attractions, for most visitors, are the imperial vault and the armory. More interesting to me was the coronation-suit of Charlemagne in the treasury, and the original manuscript of Tasso's Jerusalem in the library.

If in these cities I had my fill of antiquities, in Munich I was made acquainted with the wonders of modern art, and learned what a blessing —so far as the education of the national taste is concerned—a monarchical government, with all its evils, may be to a people, when the monarch possesses the artistic sense of Ludwig I., and has a genius like Schwanthaler to execute his designs. The Glyptothek and the Pinacothek, the royal palace with its historical saloons and halls of beauty, the churches resplendent with marble and gold, the odeon, the theatre, the royal library with its 800,000 volumes and 22,000 mss., are glorious monuments of the taste and munificence of the present dynasty of this little kingdom. The colossal statue of Bavaria destined for the *Ruhmeshalle* or Hall of Fame, when finished, will be one of the wonders of the world. The upper half is already cast and is now exhibited at the royal foundry. The weight is 2000 *zentner*, which I suppose to be a hundred tons; the height fifty-four feet. Twenty-five persons were at work at once in the interior of the head.

I have hurried over my German recollections in order to bring the record up to the present date here at Lucerne in the heart of Switzerland, where I arrived on the 19th, via the lake of Constance, Schaffhausen and Zurich. Lucerne has not the commercial importance of Zurich and Berne and Geneva, but no city in Switzerland can boast a more beautiful position, and no hotel in Europe a more enchanting view than that which I have now before me. A stone thrown with moderate force from these windows would fall into the most romantic of lakes, the lake of the four Cantons, (Uri, Unterwalden, Schwytz and Luzern) perfect in beauty as it is eternal in fame, reflecting the storied shores which witnessed the deeds of Werner and of Tell. The first sight which greets me in the morning before I quit my pillow, is the tops of distant glaciers. Nearer, on the right, the cleft and horrid front of mount Pilate over-frowns the city and the lake—mount Pilate named, as you know, from an old tradition which supposes the Roman governor who condemned our Lord to have drowned himself in a little lake in one of its hollows. It was formerly believed that when any one approached the borders of this lake, the ghost of the prefect was wroth and sent a tempest to avenge the intrusion. The Council of Lucerne actually passed a decree making it penal for any one to come within a certain distance of the Tomli see.

Yesterday I made the ascent of the Rigi, not with guide and alpstick, according to rule, but alone, with no other support than my umbrella. I missed the landing on the lake which should have brought me to the customary path and, in consequence, the party whom I should have accompanied. Left to my own counsel and conduct, I hired a horse at the next landing which in less than three hours carried me to the neighboring summit of the Scheideck. There I dismissed my beast having more confidence in my two legs than in his four, and traversing in deep solitude the valley which divides the two peaks reached the Rigi by the back-side in a little more than an hour. It seemed to me that I had never know fatigue before. The heat in these Alpine passes is incredible and nowise alleviated by the accompanying vision of snow. According to custom I should have remained over night to witness the effect of the sunrise on the glaciers. But the heavens as I read them threatened a cloudy morn, and tired as I was I thought best to return. The descent, which I accomplished on the side towards Kussnacht in two hours and a half, was even more fatiguing than the ascent. In the early part of the route I passed a Swiss family consisting of mother, son and daughter bound in the same direction. I thought myself the better traveller, but long before I reached the foot of the mountain they overtook and passed by me. My untaught impetuosity was no match for their sure and learned tread. An old lameness, occasioned by a fall some years since, returned upon me and threatened to arrest my progress. It was not without difficulty that I reached Kussnacht, memorable in the history of Swiss liberation, in time to escape the thunderstorm which burst upon the valley a few minutes after I was housed. So ended my first pedestrian experiment in the Alps. F. H. H.

For the Register.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A MUSER.

"They are evidently unwilling to fight." The remark was made not of two men, or the story might seem to open improbably; but of two amiable dogs. They were fine hearty young fellows affectionate and generous-minded brothers, and plainly more disposed to play than to devour one another. But the biped who owned them, one of those who rejoice every Sunday in a rational and spiritual soul formed for an angel's immortality and endowed so highly above the brutes that perish, this mild Christian was determined that these brutes should deserve that name as far as tearing one another to pieces, might entitle them to it. For perhaps he had read in his tender infancy that eminent divine, Dr. Watts's Hymns for children, and taken him to the letter as giving directions for the treatment of animals when he says;

> Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For 'tis their nature to:
> Let bears and lions growl and fight,
> For God has made them so.

So he requested the assistance of a congenial neighbor; and the preparations for the combat were all ready as I happened to pass by his door. The public street was to be the arena, that as many as possible might enjoy the edifying spectacle. The human seconds, as has been the case in a great many other duels, had to do all the getting of it up, the principals being disgustingly averse to any such mode of settling affairs; but man must know better than dogs what is proper. So the bipeds took the quadrupeds by the backs of their necks and pounded their two faces together valorously. This the fourlegs bore longer than secured the approbation of the twolegs; but after much rubbing and scraping of features together, the poor dogs had to give up play and set to in more earnest work; and I suppose it would have required a very heightened non-resistant to have deferred his strange work of fighting longer. In justice to my friends the dogs, I put it to the two most staid and unbelligerent followers of Wm. Penn, if they could have their noses rubbed together pertinaciously without a compromise of equanimity. So the dogs bit and scratched one another, as we say *con amore*—but only for a moment. For soon after they were let go, not being obliged any longer to fight in defence of eyes and nose, they adjourned that business and resumed their play to the infinite dissatisfaction of all the amateurs and connoisseurs in dog-fighting around. Of course the experiment had to be repeated; for all attempt at interference was voted an unreasonable and impertinent overscrupulousness about other people's innocent sports. But failure again baffled their amiable endeavors. It was evidently no go. Hard as these warlike spirits tried to fight by deputy, they had as little success as good men hope our bellicose politicians will have, after a little while longer, in urging on their greener countrymen to go and fight in Mexico. I hold up these dogs to them as an example. The brute should shame the man. Most conceitedly do men apply "dog" as a term of reproach. Oh that our citizens would act as Christian a part as these dumb creatures! But too many hearers of the Gospel and members of the church, ay, professors of the Prince of Peace, cry havock and let loose the *dogs* of war. Many of them would call the scene I have described a disgusting one. How does it differ from what they are doing? How is it a whit more puerile, wanton and wicked? It is less so as a man is worth more than a dog, and the wars of men are not single combats but involve the slaughter of thousands. This Mexican war will make 50,000 widows and orphans if it ends at the earliest day anticipated; but to all appearances it has to outlast all its generals now in the field, and go down to our children as a legacy They will see some reason to be Hobbists and believe that war is man's natural state. With us it has been looked on as a rare luxury, or a rare treat, according to the taste. When it was declared with Mexico, some hailed it as a convenient outlet for rowdyism. "We shall get rid of the drunkards now." "Let all the poor dissipated dog volunteer." As we say, "try it on a dog." *Experimentum fiat in corpore vili.* So we were to have the interesting experiment to excite us for a little while, and give us our money's worth in news, of which we ought to have a good deal for half a million of dollars a week. But the American "Thirty years War" will almost make it our natural state, and entail upon us the seven and seven times foul spirits that long cursed Europe after its sad thirty years war.

I am unwilling to call fighting a state of nature even with the brute creation. They seldom fight unnecessarily and wantonly, and *en amateur*, like the volunteers and soldiers of fortune in human armies. They fight for life, not for *la gloire*, that is to say for fancy. They are tamed about as often as men are. Education can do wonders with both, and I have hopes for my four footed friends, as Origen hoped that even the Devil would be converted and saved.

At any rate I like and think we ought to cultivate as much as we can the spirit of a little daughter I had once. She was an innocent simple young angel while on earth—perhaps she knows more now, and has learned to agree with Dr. Watts on talking with him in Heaven. But before her translation she was so little of a theologian that she used to sing the Doctor's nursery rhymes alluded to above, rather slurring over the

st stanza, and applying the second in a manner at the venerable man would by no means approve. She used to quote it with all gravity to little white kitten she had—the smallest member of kittendom. As it lay in her lap purring der her caresses she would say:

"But children you should never let
Your angry passions rise:"

d then taking up the little white sleepy paw, e added:

"Your little hands were never made
To tear each others eyes."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEWSPAPER WRITINGS OF NATHANIEL P. ROGERS. From White & Potter, 15 State reet. The volume is embellished with an admirable engraved likeness of Rogers, and contains an introduction from Rev. John Pierpont, onorable to his head and heart. There are articles in the book whose re-appearance we regret. They may be necessary in order to know fully the man and his times; but many will overlook this lesson; they will not study the light and the shade, nor hold in just estimate the faults and the excellencies. What we ourselves regard as faults, (the infirmities of a noble mind,) the compiler seems rather to view as excellencies, if we judge from the motto on the back of the title page, which to us is not the true keynote to the sentiments of Rogers, nor even to his collection of writings as a whole. But here is enough in the volume to perpetuate the name of Rogers, for aye, as a son of genius; a friend of freedom and of man; a hero-reformer who denied himself and took up his cross; into whose breast the martyr spirit flowed in all its strength from the martyr whose name he bore, and of whom he was a descendant of the tenth generation. Between the former and a portrait of the latter in the hall of the Antiquarian Society, there existed, and as is said, by those who have seen them both, a most remarkable likeness. We confess to an admiration and esteem of the man, growing out of a personal acquaintance, qualified somewhat by a remembrance of imperfections, (and who has them not,) but pure and strong as we think of his exalted virtues and genius. Many of the readers of the Register will doubtless be glad to hear that the memorial has appeared, and avail themselves of the opportunity to possess it.

THE PLAYMATE, No. 2. From Crosby & Nichols.—This periodical takes with the young. It gratifies their love of the marvellous and is calculated to discipline their finer sensibilities.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 177. The leading article is from the Westminster, on George Fox, and is a graphic sketch of the Quaker reformer.

4. MR. WHEATON'S DISCOURSE before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Brown University, and MR. MARSH'S DISCOURSE before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge. From Little & Brown. Mr. Marsh's subject is the extent and essence of the knowledge of our times. The philosophy running through the discourse is spiritual and elevated; the method is clear and exact, and the style that of the retired thinker rather than of the ready speaker; the matter is overabundant for half a dozen discourses, though to be delivered before an assembly of scholars. Mr. Wheaton's is a more *classical*, we may add a more pleasing performance.

5. The FUNERAL ORATION ON DANIEL O'CONNELL, delivered at Rome by Padre Ventura.—An oration of the *ventosa* species, and yet worthy of perusal by those who wish help in forming, what is so difficult, a just estimate of the character of the Irish Liberator.

6. A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR HUIDEKOPER to Rev. H. W. Bellows, on the Meadville Theological School, accompanied by documents. Tract No. 4 of the N. York Unitarian Association.—Prof. H. takes it for granted that Liberal Christians, on becoming acquainted with the facts in the case, will not fail to do what they can see for themselves is absolutely needed. He sums up the wants of the Seminary in four divisions. (1.) Permanent provision for the instruction they already have, with additional aid in the department of professors; (2.) additional buildings; (3.) permanent provision for contingent expenses; (4.) a Library.

7. LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 178. In this number the enterprising publishers inform us that they have entered into an arrangement with an American gentleman residing in Paris, to prepare for each number of the Living Age an article on the Politics of Europe, and the Literature and Science of France.

8. NEW JERUSALEM MAGAZINE. From Otis Clapp. The commencement of the twenty-first volume.

9. "THE CHURCH RECORD—a sermon preached in Grafton, Dec. 27, 1846, containing historical notices of the Congregational Church in said town. By Edmund B. Willson, minister of the Congregational Church and Society."—Mr. W. has performed a valuable service, and introduced historical matter of real interest, as well to others at large, as to his own people in particular.

10. CHAMBER'S MISCELLANY, No. 3, from Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. A continuation of a most valuable series, well worthy a place in every family library.

☞ The Unitarian Society in Shirley—Rev. Mr. Chandler's—has received from Mrs. Henrietta Whitney of that town a present of a large and very valuable Church Organ. The instrument is one of superior tone, and most elegant finish, and in power, is admirably adapted to the Church in which it is placed. It was made by Mr. Geo. Stevens of East Cambridge.

This is but a repeated instance of the liberality of Madam Whitney's family, both towards their native town, and the religious society to which they belong.

☞ The "First Unitarian Church of Washington have unanimously invited Rev. Joseph Henry Allen to become their pastor. He has accepted the invitation, and will resume his duties there on the fourth Sunday of this month.

☞ REV. MR. HUNTINGTON'S CHURCH. The repairs on this House having been completed, the usual service will be held there on next Sabbath.

SECULAR SUMMARY.

THE CAPTURE OF MEXICO.

The following letter, which is from a Mexican residing in the city of Mexico, to a Spanish mercantile house in New-York, gives the most clear and connected account of the capture of the city, which has yet fallen under our notice. The particulars of the previous battle will also be read with interest. The cunning of Santa Anna is only equalled by his bad faith. There is nothing in the letter which can lead any one to anticipate the close of the war. It was translated for the New-York Sun, and has good marks of authenticity:—

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 19th, 1847.

RESPECTED FRIENDS,—I shall briefly attempt to describe to you the horrors we have just experienced. On the 7th inst., our commissioners rejected the treaty propositions of the American government, and decided on resuming the war, Gen. Herrera inviting and urging the clergy to rouse the citizens to the utmost resistance. On the same day, Gen. Scott, the American chief, charged Santa Anna with breaking the armistice by forbidding his commissioners to obtain food in the city, and threatened, unless reparation was made, to commence hostilities and bombard the city. Santa Anna replied severely, charging Scott with breaking the armistice by sacking our villages, and expressed his perfect readiness to renew the war. On the 13th inst., the Americans made a demonstration on Chapultepec and the mill of El Rey, but our Generals were prepared for them. Anticipating a breach of the armistice, Santa Anna for several days had caused to be conveyed in every possible manner, so as not to excite suspicion, arms, munitions and food to the fortress at Chapultepec.

Our citizens carried under their mantles and on mules, a great quantity of powder, balls and provisions, without being once discovered, so great was the feeling of security and confidence among the Americans. Gen. Scott was not a little surprised to find on attacking Chapultepec such obstinate resistance. Chapultepec, you know, is situated between Tacubaya and the city, within cannon shot of the former and some three miles from the latter. It is a bold hill, overlooking a vast range of country, which enabled our soldiers to watch every manœuvre of the enemy. It also commands the road from Tacubaya to the city, which runs close by its base, and it can only be ascended by a circuitous paved way, which, after turning a certain angle, is exposed to a full range of the guns. As the Americans ascended the hill, a perfect storm of musket balls and grape shot drove them back with heavy loss. They recovered and advanced again, but were repulsed. Our troops fought with desperate valor, worthy the character of Mexicans.

The enemy also fought bravely; his men seemed like so many devils, whom it was impossible to defeat without annihilation. He made a third and last charge with fresh force and heavy guns, and our gallant troops having exhausted their grape shot, were forced very unwillingly to retreat and yield up the fortress, of which the enemy took possession. Our soldiers retreated toward the city, but were unfortunately cut off by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry, and about 1000 made prisoners, but were soon released, as the enemy had no men to guard them. The enemy then opened his batteries on the mill El Rey (King's mill,) close upon Chapultepec, which, after obstinate fighting and great loss to the Americans, we were obliged to abandon. The two actions continued over nine hours, and were the severest, considering our small number of soldiers and the enemy's large force, that have been fought. Our loss in killed and wounded was not more than 300, while the enemy lost over 400, or at least such was the report of deserters from the American camp, who came to us in the evening.

Seeing that the city would inevitably be attacked, Santa Anna, during the actions, caused a number of trenches to be cut across the road leading to the city, which were flooded with water. On the morning of the 14th, before day-light, the enemy, with a part of his force, commenced his march upon the city. Our soldiers, posted behind the arches of the aqueducts and several breastworks which had been hastily thrown up, annoyed him so severely, together with the trenches which he had to bridge over, that he did not arrive at the gates until late in the afternoon. Here he halted and attempted to bombard the city, which he did during the rest of the day and the day following, doing immense damage. In some cases whole blocks were destroyed, and a great number of men, women and children were killed and wounded. The picture was awful. One deafening roar filled our ears, one cloud of smoke met our eyes, now and then mixed with flames, and amid it all we could hear the shrieks of the wounded and dying. But the city bravely resisted the hundreds of flying shells. It hurled back defiance to the blood-thirsty Yankee, and convinced him that his bombs could not reduce the Mexican capital.

The enemy then changed his plan, and determined to enter the city, where we were prepared to meet him, having barricaded the streets with sand bags and provided on the house tops and at the windows all who could bear arms or hurl missiles, stones, bricks, &c., on the heads of enemy. Before Gen. Scott had fairly passed the gates, he found the difficulty of his position. A perfect torrent of balls and stones rained upon his troops. Many were killed and more wounded. Still he kept advancing until he gained the entrance of two streets leading direct to the plaza. Finding that he could not oppose himself to our soldiers, who were all posted out of sight, and that he was losing his men rapidly, Gen. Scott took possession of the convent of San Isidor, which extends back to the centre of a block, and at once set his sappers and miners to cutting away directly through the blocks of buildings.

In some instances, whole houses were blown up to facilitate his progress; but after several hours he again emerged into the street, and finally regained the Plaza, with great loss. On entering the Plaza, a heavy fire was opened on him from the Palace and Cathedral, which were filled and covered with our patriotic troops. Finding himself thus assaulted, the enemy drew out his force in the Plaza and opened a cannonade on the Palace and Cathedral, firing over one hundred shots, which did immense damage to the buildings and caused a severe loss of killed and wounded. Seeing farther resistance useless, our soldiers ceased firing, and on the 16th of September (sad day!) the enemy was in possession of the Mexican capital. Though we inflicted havoc and death upon the Yankees, we suffered greatly ourselves. Many were killed by the blowing up of the houses, many by the bombardment, but more by the confusion which prevailed in the city, and altogether we cannot count our killed, wounded and missing since the actions commenced yesterday, at less than 4000, among whom are many women and children.

The enemy confesses a loss of over 1000---it is no doubt much greater. What a calamity! But Mexico will yet have vengeance. God will avenge us for our sufferings. Alas! that I should write this letter within sight of a proud enemy, who has succeeded by his ferocity in trampling on our capital and our country---an enemy who only prides himself upon shooting well with his rifle and cannon. But thus it is---we are prostrated, not humbled. We may be forced to silence, but the first moment that presents us a chance will be devoted to terrible revenge. Santa Anna has gone with his generals and all the troops he could draw off to Guadalupe. He is said to be wounded severely. We have lost heroic officers and brave men in these two days. I cannot foresee what is to come.—Thousands are gathering upon the hills and around the city, determined to cut of all supplies and starve the enemy who had so audaciously entered it. Gen. Scott may yet find that Mexico is not vanquished. He may find our lakes bursting their barriers, and filling this beautiful valley, to annihilate the infamous Americans.—We scarcely hope, yet do not quite despair.—Our brave generals may recover what is lost, and Mexico, with her ten millions of people, arise to sweep the invader from the land he has desecrated. Be sure that whatever we do in the way of submission is only for the moment. No Mexican will respect, beyond the hour that forces him to it, any bond dictated by the sword of an enemy. My heart is too full of grief and indignation to write more.

Sergeant Ryley, the deserter, was well known by many of this community. He was recruiting sergeant for some time, and kept the rendezvous next the corner of Cedar, in Washington street. Ryley was a man of very large frame, more than six feet high. He was formerly a sergeant in the 66th regiment of the British army, stationed in Canada, from which he deserted, and came to this city. Shortly after he joined the United States army, and being well skilled in his profession, was sent to West Point, where he acted as drill sergeant for some time. [N. Y. paper.

NEWS FROM MEXICO. The accounts from Mexico are such as to create a painful interest in the present state of affairs, and in the condition of the American army. The armistice has been closed; fighting, and that more desperate than ever, has become again the order of the day; our army has entered the capital, but have not yet the possession; there are rumors of the deaths of the American Generals Pillow, Worth and Smith, and of the Mexican Generals, Bravo and Leon, and that Santa Anna, having been wounded has retired to a village near. Among the shocking things of the war is that the American deserter, Riley, and his "Legion of St. Patrick," *seventy in number*, were ordered by the American Court Martial to be *hung*, that the sentence was approved by General Scott, and that on the 8th of September *the whole Legion were hung in presence of the American army; as also in presence of the enemy!!*

It is to be hoped that the charges made by Santa Anna in his letter to Gen. Scott are not all true, and yet enough has already been disclosed by letters from our army, (see the Register for Sept. 25) to make us feel that the worst is true. The charges are as follows, which we copy from Santa Anna's letter to Gen. Scott.

It is not without great grief and even indignation that I have received communications from the cities and villages occupied by the army of your Excellency, in relation to the violation of the temples consecrated to the worship of God; to the plunder of the sacred vases, and to the profanation of the images venerated by the Mexican people. Profoundly have I been affected by the complaints of fathers and husbands, of the violence offered to their daughters and wives; and these same cities and villages have been sacked not only in violation of the armistice, but of the sacred principles proclaimed and respected by civilized nations. I have observed silence to the present moment, in order not to obstruct the progress of negotiations which held out the hope of terminating a scandalous war, and one which your Excellency has characterized so justly as unnatural. But I shall desist offering apologies, because I cannot be blind to the truth that the true cause of the threats of renewing hostilities, contained in the note of your Excellency, is that I have not been willing to sign a treaty which would lessen considerably the territory of the Republic, and not only the territory of the Republic, but that dignity and integrity which all nations defend to the last extremity. And if these considerations have not the same weight in the mind of your Excellency, the responsibility before the world, who can easily distinguish on whose side are moderation and justice, will fall upon you.

FRANCE. At Paris, on the 3d inst. the Sardinian ambassador resident at the French court, presented at the office for Foreign Affairs, a diplomatic note from his Government, of which the following is the substance:—"In case his Holiness Pope Pius IX. should claim the armed assistance of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, against Austrian invasion, his Sardinian Majesty will consider himself bound not to refuse the Sovereign Pontiff that assistance, it being his duty, as an Italian Power, to cause the independence of all the states of the Peninsula to be respected, as guaranteed by the treaties of Vienna." The communication was immediately forwarded to the King and M. Guizot, both of whom were absent from Paris. In the chief political and diplomatic circles this movement of Sardinia in favor of the Pope excited the greatest sensation.

The Government having brought an action against the Democratic Pacifique, the Gazette de France, and some other papers, for some severe remarks made by those papers on the murder of the Duchess of Praslin, as showing a great degree of immorality and corruption in the higher ranks of society in France, the case against the Democratic Pacifique came to trial on the 7th inst. when the jury acquitted the editor.

It is stated that M. Peyron, formerly a pupil of the Polytechnic School, the brother in law of M. Alfred de Montesquiou, who lately committed suicide, had entered the noviciate of the Jesuits, and given his entire fortune, amounting to 4,000,000f. to that religious order.

AUSTRALIA—COTTON GROWING. The European correspondent of the Traveller says:—

Dr. Lang has just published his views respecting the practicability of growing cotton to a great extent in Australia. Dr. Lang states that at Meroton Bay, in latitude 27 1-2 S., he has plucked pods of cotton pronounced in Glasgow to be of first-rate quality. The climate is well adapted to the constitution of Europeans; there are inexhaustible tracts of fertile land; and great facilities for the shipment of produce. Dr. Lang looks to a plan of colonizing this district as the readiest means of rendering England independent of supplies of slave-grown-cotton.

DR. ANDREW COMBE, brother of George Combe, and well known as a popular medical author, died in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, on Monday, 9th ult. His complaint was in the lungs.

EMIGRATION. The ship Audubon left the London docks on the 1st of September, with a large number of passengers from Holland, bound to New York. A gentleman who was on board the ship states that these passengers formed an entire village, and that they had left for the New World, bringing their devoted pastor with them. Many of these emigrants possess means for purchasing lands or commencing mechanical operations. When visited the females were occupied in washing, mending, knitting, &c. and all had the appearance of health and contentment.

HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS. The New York Commercial Advertiser says that among the passengers by the Britannia is Mr. Poore, who has been in Europe engaged for two years in collecting documents illustrating the early history of Massachusetts, which was almost constantly in collision with the French colonies, whose archives are preserved at Paris. The French Ministry have afforded him every facility, and he brings home ten folio volumes, copied by himself in a fair hand, and containing numerous maps, fac similes, drawings of uniforms, &c. with a large collection of engraved maps.

LADY CANVASSERS. "The elections are just now coming off; a great excitement in all quarters of the city. A new feature in electioneering occurred this forenoon; it was new to me. I saw ladies interested for Lord John Russell going about in their carriages, asking the votes of them that had them to give, in his behalf. What would American ladies say if they were called upon to do duty in this way?"

AMHERST COLLEGE. David Sears of Boston, has made another donation of $12,000 to this institution, which is to be invested till it accumulates to a certain sum, and then be appropriated for the increase of a Library Hall.—About sixty students have entered since the commencement of the term.

The house of the Rev. Mr. Peabody of Portsmouth, was forcibly entered on Friday night, the 17th inst. in the absence of the family from town—the locks upon every door and drawer broken; furniture much injured and property stolen, though to what amount has not yet been ascertained.

The Sheriff of Worcester, Mass. notifies the Calithumpian society of that place, that on being notified of their next nocturnal meeting, he will make arrangements for their accommodation in a large building which is under his charge.

Wm. C. Mulliner, a graduate of College and lately from Orange county, New York, died at the Hospital in Detroit a few days since. The Advertiser says he was a man of fine talents and fell a victim to intemperance.

THE ANTI-RENT DIFFICULTIES, it appears, are to be settled amicably. All matters in dispute to be submitted to an arbitration. Governor Briggs, of this State, Hon. William Kent and Judge Denie, are the Judges named for this purpose, at a mass meeting recently held at Stephentown.

NEGRO MOB AT CINCINNATI. On Monday last a serious disturbance took place in Cincinnati. During the previous week a negro who had had a quarrel with a white man at St. Louis, met his antagonist, who was armed with a dray pin, on the landing. Blows were exchanged, the negro snapping a pistol, and it failing fire, he threw it at his adversary and struck him on the head. He was arrested and brought before the Mayor, and held to bail for further examination on Monday. The rumor that his bail would be forfeited and he allowed to escape, collected a threatening crowd round the house of his surety during Saturday and Sunday.

"On Monday the negro was brought before the Mayor, and bound over for trial in $400. During the hearing, a dense crowd thronged the office of the Mayor, and nearly filled the street in front. In default of bail, the negro was committed and the officers started with him towards the jail. The crowd, or mob, followed, growing in numbers every moment. Suddenly there was a shout and a rush, stones were thrown, the negro was hit on the head and severely cut; and finding no safety, where he was, he sprang forward at speed and dashed around the corner towards the canal, near which he was seized by the mob and carried across the river to Covington, Ky.

"The Mayor of Covington, Mr. Folley, met and ordered them out of the city, assuring them that they should be immediately arrested if they attempted any outrages there. Upon this, the rioters went down the river, until they got out of the city, where they halted, and began preparations to hang the negro. Some citizens of Covington urged them to desist, but with drawn knives and pistols, they threatened death to any who should interfere. But just as they were adjusting the rope over a limb to hang their victim, two heroic men, Mr. Thomas Kennedy and Marshall Perry, made their way into the crowd, and Kennedy drawing his knife, seized the rope and cut it to pieces.

The negro was soon after rescued by the police of Cincinnati and lodged in jail. The Cincinnati papers complain of the inefficiency of the police of that city.

THE CHOCTAWS. The Choctaw Nation, now located west of the State of Arkansas, numbers twenty-thousand souls. Previous to their removal to their present habitation, the tribe suffered much from intemperance, but vigorous measures have been adopted to stay its progress by the enactment of laws which forbid the sale of intoxicating liquors, and by the rigorous enforcement of these laws. In 1843 there were five temperance societies in the Nation, and their number has since been increased.

AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE. An interesting debate upon the African Slave Trade occurred in the House of Commons on the 9th of July, on a motion to appropriate £100,000 for the support of the British cruisers on the coast of Africa. Mr. Bosthwick said, that the system now pursued by the British Government to suppress the Slave Trade by means of cruisers, had wholly failed—that instead of alleviating the horrors of the middle passage it had increased them; that it was impossible to guard effectually 3,000 miles of coast with the vessels employed in that service. That the slave stealers, to elude the war vessels on the coast, have their vessels built for fast sailing, and consequently the holds into which the negroes are placed were so narrow and compressed that the mortality on the passage was greatly increased. In 1806 the number of a slave cargo was thought enormous if it was 620. The mortality was estimated at from 3 to 10 per cent. "The mortality at the present time six or seven hundred per cent." Out of 600 slaves taken on board on the coast not more than 100 or 200 were landed alive. This increase of mortality threw an impediment in the way of African civilization.

The accounts of Africa, written at the beginning of the 16th century, speak of the country, before it was resorted to by the slave stealers, as comparatively civilized. The people of Guinea understood commerce, and to a certain degree art flourished among them. At one time the king of Timbuctoo was spoken of as a patron of literature.

Mr. Hume stated that the Anti-Slavery Society were "now convinced that the system was attended with great mischief."

Lord Palmerston, in reply, showed that the horrors of the trade had not increased, but had very much decreased, and that to withdraw the fleet from the coast at this time, would be to give an impetus to the slave trade, greater than it had ever before received. One of the speakers stated that during the past year 42,000 slaves had been imported into Brazil from Africa, from which it was computed that more than 210,000 must have left the shores of that country, and 178,000 must have died on the passage. Lord Palmerston well characterized the traffic as one "above the power of any gentleman to describe, and which would make every man shudder to contemplate." The appropriation was carried without a division.

☞ PROGRESS OF THE DENTAL ART.—Dr. Morton has returned personally to the practical part of his profession, and now carries on his dental establishment, (in connexion with his brother-in-law,) which for the last few years has been one of the most complete in this country, and intends in future to devote his entire attention to the wants of his numerous patients. Dr. Morton, although but a young man, has already rendered valuable services; first, by introducing a method of uniting gold plates with solder of the same degree of fineness as the gold, which prevents any galvanic action or brassy taste in the mouth. Secondly, he was not contented to purchase his teeth, knowing that he could make but a slight approximation towards resembling nature, when he made of teeth manufactured without regard to the particular defect they were intended to remedy, and established a tooth manufactory in connexion with his dental establishment, and, with the assistance of Dr. C. T. Jackson's chemical knowledge, and the aid of Dr. N. C. Keep, and others' knowledge of what had been done before in the art, struck out a method of manufacturing and setting teeth. It is a mitre for the teeth and jaw, to enable dentists in the manufacture of sets of teeth, to determine to a mathematical certainty the exact shape of the mouth in which they are to be placed, and detect in an instant any discrepancy in their relative position. But lastly we come to speak of his discovery of the new application of ether. It is the second great contribution to the medical art, and will place his name among the benefactors of our common nature, beside the names of Jenner and Franklin.—Dr. Morton's Office, is at 19, Tremont Row.—[Messenger.

*** A special meeting of the AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION will be held on Thursday, October 21st, at the Chapel of the Church of the Savior, in Boston, at one o'clock, P. M., for the choice of a Secretary, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

CHARLES BRIGGS, Sec. pro tem.

☞ IMPORTANT CHARITY CONVENTION. The BOSTON SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of PAUPERISM, invite all Officers of Benevolent and Charitable Societies in this City, and others interested in the Poor, to meet at No. 3 TREMONT TEMPLE, on Monday, Oct. 11th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., to adopt a more uniform system for the distribution of Charity calculated to prevent imposition. The undersigned respectfully urge upon ALL OFFICERS of *Charitable Societies* and *Almoners* to the POOR of both sexes to attend the meeting.

MOSES GRANT,
THOS. TARBELL,
F. R. WOODWARD,
} Committee of Arrangements.

Boston, Oct. 5th, 1847.

☞ The Annual Meeting of the FATHERLESS and WIDOW'S SOCIETY, will be held at the Chapel of the Rev. Mr. Waterston, Bedford street, on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 13th, at half past three o'clock.

Members of the Society, and other Ladies friendly to the object, are respectfully invited to attend.

☞ The Thirty-Fifth Annual Meeting of the Fragment Society, will be held at the house of Mrs. Samuel Dana, 7 Bulfinch Place, Monday, Oct. 11, at 3, P. M. All members are urgently requested to be present.

M. C. SMITH, Sec'ry.

☞ THE FRANKLIN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, will meet at the house of the Subscriber, in Deerfield, on Monday, October the eleventh, at four o'clock, P. M.

JOHN F. MOORS, Sec'ry.

☞ THE MIDDLESEX SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY, will hold its next Annual Meeting, at Rev. Mr. Ware's Church in Cambridgeport, on Wednesday, Oct. 13th, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The Exercises of the day will consist of the Annual Report of the Secretary—a Sermon by Rev. Mr. Whitney of Brighton, and discussion upon topics connected with the best interests of the Sunday School.

JASON WHITMAN, Sec'ry.

☞ The Middlesex North Association, will hold their next meeting at Rev. Mr. Babbidge's in Pepperell, on Wednesday, Oct. 13th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ Subscribers for the Christian Register in Eastport, who have not settled their bills for the current year will please to pay the amount to Mr. E. Y. Sabine, and oblige the publisher.

☞ Subscribers in Calais will please to pay G. F. Wordsworth.

☞ THE CAMBRIDGE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION, will meet in Waltham, at Rev. Thomas Hill's on Tuesday, 12th inst.

W. NEWELL, Scribe.

☞ AUTUMNAL CONVENTION OF UNITARIANS. The next Convention will be held in Salem, to commence on Tuesday, Oct 19. The undersigned, appointed at the last Convention to make the necessary arrangements for the next, give this early notice to the Churches of our denomination, and would urge them to accept the kind invitation which has been tendered them by our brethren of Salem.

SAML. OSGOOD,
ALONZO HILL,
JAMES F. CLARKE,
ALBERT FEARING,
HENRY P. FAIRBANKS,
} Committee of Arrangements.

jy24

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 30th ult, by Rev Dr Barrett, Mr Eben W. Dugan to Miss Rebecca M., daughter of Otis Munroe, Esq, both of Boston.

30th ult, T. H. Higginson of Newburyport, to Mary E. Channing of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Oct. 1, Francis, youngest son of Charles W., and Susan A. Bowker, 2 yrs.

On the 21st ult, of dysentery, Sarah Louisa, child of John and Sarah G. Adams, 2 yrs 3 mos. And also, of the same family, Monday, the 4th inst, much lamented, Miss Adaline Howe, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Howe, 34.

In Somerville, 3d inst, Henry J., son of Dr Luther V. Bell, 5½ yrs.

On Wednesday evening, Edward Marion, 10 months, youngest child of Rev J. T., and Charlotte S. Sargent.

In Brighton, 16th ult, Thomas W., 2 yrs 20 days—28th ult, Eliza Ware, 7 yrs 3 mos—only children of Thomas W. Herick.

In Bridgewater, Aug. 27th, Susan Storrs, only child of Mr Jonathan Washburn, 14.

In Gloucester, Oct. 1, Mr John M. Edgarton, aged 24, son of the late Maj. Joseph Edgarton, of Shirley—a graduate of Harvard University of the Class of 1847

In Providence, 29th ult, Dr Thomas Cleveland, 45. He was warden of the State Prison, from the time of its organization, until shortly before his death.

In Shirley, Oct. 4th, Lucinda, wife of David Livermore of Shirley, Mass, 35.

In Montezuma, N. Y., Aug. 27th, Jane P., wife of Phineas A. Longley, and daughter of David Livermore of Shirley Mass, 35.

In Quincy, Illinois, on the 6th Sept. Mariette, wife of Oliver H. Fox, 28 years. Mrs F. was a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, and a kind neighbor. During her short sickness, she was impressed with the idea, that her recovery was impossible; and spoke of her departure, with a resigned and cheerful spirit,—and having commended her friends to the protection of a Heavenly Father, she died in the confident hope of a better world. [Connecticut papers please copy.]

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION. From its having almost always baffled the most skilful medical treatment, has very justly been termed the "*Opprobrium of Physicians;*" and, until within a few years, been generally considered *incurable*, although many medical men of the highest standing, among whom we may mention *Laennec* and his friend *Bayle*—both distinguished authors, admit that this much dreaded disease *may* be cured, even in its advanced stages, when the lungs are not *completely disorganized*. The remedy which we now offer, Wister's Balsam of Wild Cherry, for the cure of this disease, not only emanates from a regular Physician, but has also been well tested in all the complaints for which it is recommended. It is not my intention, therefore, either to cloak it in mystery, or in any way deceive the public by overrating its virtues; on the contrary, I shall simply endeavor to give a brief statement of its usefulness; and flatter myself that its surprising efficacy will enable me to furnish such proofs of its virtues as will satisfy the most incredulous, that Consumption may and "CAN BE CURED," if this medicine be resorted to in time.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 133 Washington st., Boston, and by Druggists generally. 1w oct9

NO. 178 OF LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Price 12½ cents.

1. Has History gained by Walter Scott?
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10. American Thoughts in Europe.
11. Robin Hood, &c., &c.

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DANCING AND THE CALISTHENIC EXERCISES, Minervan Hall, 339 Washington street. MR. SULLIVAN, Professor of Dancing and Calisthenics, just arrived in this city from London and Paris respectfully announces to the Ladies and Gentleman of Boston, that he has now opened in the above Hall for the purpose of giving instruction in the most admired and fashionable Dances which he has acquired from the eminent Professors, Mons. E. Coulon and Ceilarius, in the above cities.

Afternoon Classes for Young Ladies, at 3 and 5 o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays.

Evening Classes for Young Gentlemen, at 8, same Evening, for lessons in the Polka, Redowa, Mazurka Waltzes, Deux Temps and Cinq Temps Waltz, also, in plain Waltzing, Gallopades and new Cotillions, &c.

A Class for Calisthenic Exercises on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at one o'clock. Mr. S. will have the honor of introducing the newly invented Calisthenic chest expander, which is acknowledged to be the best instrument yet invented for expanding the chest, improving the carriage and strengthening the frame. Ladies interested in these exercises, will please call at the above hours, when Mr. S. will be happy to explain to them, the use of the instruments.

Private Families attended at their residence, if preferred.

Schools and Classes in the neighboring towns also attended.

Apply for Terms, References, &c., to Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. Capen at the Hall, and at Mr. Reed's Music Store, Tremont Row. 3tis oct2

New Work on Book-Keeping.

JUST PUBLISHED, "A simple method of keeping books by double entry, without the formula or trouble of the *Journal*, adapted to the most extensive wholesale or the smallest retail business;" by George N. Comer, Accountant, Boston. 3d Edition, (1847,) now ready, price 62½ cents. Blank Books 30 cts per set.

The unprecedented demand for this work, is its best recommendation—upwards of 200 mercantile firms in the city of Boston having adopted the method, in the short space of one year since its first publication. Numerous testimonials of its excellence have been received from Merchants, Clerks, Professors, Teachers, and the Press. *Professor Tatlock, of Williams College, Mass.*, says, "I am glad that you have made the subject so simple and so plain. I think it decidedly superior to any other work on the subject." *E. B. Whitman, Principal of the Hopkins School, Cambridge*, says, "You have been signally successful in making plain to the comprehension of the pupil every difficult principle of the science." *John D. Philbrick, Teacher of the Mayhew School, Boston*, says, "It is evidently a well digested, practical treatise, and such an one as might be expected from an able, practical accountant." *Isaac F. Shepard, Teacher of the Otis School and Editor of the Boston Bee*, says, "We believe it to be the best system we ever saw." It is a concise, accurate, and time-saving plan, commending itself to the general use of mercantile men."—*Boston Atlas*. "The volume should be in the store of every business man."—*Boston Courier*. 'The most concise, common-sense treatise upon double-entry that we have ever seen."—*Boston Traveller*.

For sale by the Booksellers generally, and at COMER'S INITIATORY COUNTING ROOM, NO. 77 STATE STREET, BOSTON. This establishment is open day and evening for instruction in Writing, 'Book-keeping, and the other requirements of a Merchant's Clerk, upon a system of actual practice. *Students are aided in procuring suitable employment.* The NAVIGATION department is under the immediate charge of a Professor of Nautical Science in the United States Navy. aug21

PROSPECTUS.

THE

MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW

WILL be published on the first of December, 1847, and continued on the first of March, June, and September.

It will be devoted to the interests of no Party, or Class, but its conductors will endeavor to present an open and fair field for the notice and discussion of matters pertaining to Philosophy, Literature, Politics, Religion, and Humanity.

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July 31, 1847.

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Miss Rosa Garcia, on the Guitar, Piano and Voice.
Professor Garcia, on the Harp, Piano and Voice.
Mons. Aurny, Prof. and Teacher of French.
Signor Lanza, Prof. and Teacher of Span. and Ital.
German.
O. E. Linton, Ornamental Penmanship.
B. F. Nutting, (Artist) Lecturer in Perspective. Drawing, Painting and Perspective.
Miss Hall, (Wed. and Sat. P. M.) in Dancing.
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F. L. CAPEN, Principal.

sept25 1isot6m

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POETRY.

MUSIC OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

"Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"—*Isaac Walton.*

I heard a warbling lark,
On its upward flight it sprang:
The very air around,
With its rich clear music rang.
And I fancied that the bird
That sung so close to heaven,
To give the very sounds,
That reached it hence, had striven.

I heard a holy hymn,
The Lord of hosts it praised;
And it seemed as if the soul
Were with the voice upraised.
'Twas but a boy that sang;
But methought an angel's tone
Must have echoed in his ear,
When he made those notes his own.

O God, if such on earth
Thy imperfect praise can be,
Poured by a soulless bird,
Or human minstrelsy,
What can mortal heart conceive
Of the golden harps above,
That are never, never strung
But to purity and love!

PRAYER.

BY DR. BOWRING, M. P.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit
My humble prayer ascends,—O Father! hear it!
Upsoaring, on the wings of fear and meekness,
Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice I pour before Thee;
What can I offer in Thy presence holy,
But sin and folly!

For in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour; our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand,—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear Thy voice,—it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away,—and still Thy kindness
Pardons our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is glowing;
Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us blowing,
And, as if man were some deserving creature,
Joys cover nature.

O, how long suffering, Lord! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering,—Thou invitest
By smiles of mercy,—not by frowns or terrors,—
Man from his errors.

Who can resist Thy gentle call, appealing
To every generous thought and grateful feeling?
That voice paternal, whispering, watching ever,—
My bosom!—Never.

Father and Savior! plant within this bosom
These seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom,
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

Then place them in those everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens;
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark portal
Becomes immortal.

AFFLICTION.

BY SOUTHEY.

Methinks if ye would know
How visitation of calamity
Afflicts the pious soul, 'tis shown you here.
Look yonder at that cloud, which, through the sky
Sailing along, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon. I watched it as it came,
And deemed the deep opaque would blot her beams.
But melting like a wreath of snow it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauty than her own;
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

[A part necessarily omitted from Letter III. in a previous No. of the Register.]

To Auburn, expecting to find still in session there a Convention of Universalist clergymen, who had assembled on occasion of dedication of a church just built by the Rev. Mr. Austin's congregation. Unfortunately the Convention rose that very evening, and I was in danger of the utter disappointment of my hope of meeting any of its members. Being wholly without letters of introduction, and finding no one who seemed disposed to offer any information respecting the Convention, I concluded to go on to Rochester early the next morning. But, luckily, some detention kept back the morning cars until quite noon, and in the interval I had chanced to go into a bookstore, and there fallen upon a collection of very clerical-looking persons, who proved to be the remnant of the Convention. We were not long in making ourselves known to each other, and very cordial expressions of disappointment were uttered, that I had not arrived in time to take some part in the services of the Convention. We spent the morning together, in very frank, and, to me, very instructive and interesting conference, and blest the delay which accured so excellent an opportunity of comparing notes, and exchanging sympathies with our Universalist brethren. It seems to me, that from this time forward I shall look with a new and peculiar interest upon the whole body, for the sake of those whom I now count among my friends; and it must not be my fault if a better understanding and more cordial intercourse does not subsist between two bodies whose opinions and interests are so nearly the same.

Brother May, of Syracuse, had by letter expressed to me his hearty sympathy with the Rev. Mr. Austin of Syracuse. They had, if I am not mistaken, exchanged pulpits once or twice. I was exceedingly glad of an opportunity of making Mr. Austin's acquaintance, and found him all that Mr. May had prepared me for. His Society in Auburn is large and influential. There are few finer church edifices in all Western New York than the house of worship just completed by his flock. It is substantial, elegant, and appropriate, and, what is better, already paid for; leaving the Society still in possession of its old house of prayer, itself a neat and well-placed building. There was every appearance of great prosperity in Mr. Austin's Society, and we do not doubt that his influence is just what we could desire it to be. Mr. A. has a fair share of the intelligence, the social and moral worth of the village in his parish. We were glad to hear that Governor Seward, an Episcopalian, whose home is in Auburn, did not scruple to attend Mr. Austin's preaching quite frequently,—a fact indicating a more liberal condition of public sentiment than could have been hoped in a place over which a large Theological Seminary of high Presbyterianism still exerts its narrowing influences. We rejoiced that Liberal Christianity had one vent in that beautiful town, and regretted less than we had done, that no Unitarian Society, so called, yet existed within its borders. At Auburn, besides Mr. Austin, I met the Rev. Mr. Skinner, of Utica; Rev. Mr. Montgomery, of Rochester; Rev. Mr. Hayward; and one other Universalist clergyman, whose name I cannot recal. I shall have occasion to speak again of Mr. Skinner, whom I met on my return to Utica. Rev. Mr. Montgomery, of Rochester, was our fellow traveller to that city. He is the author of a charming little work called "The Law of Kindness," which has been republished in England, and, strange to say, also, by the Scottish Kirk, which last intimates some suspicion that its author may be "of Socinian or Universalist opinions," but which nevertheless endorses the merits of the book, whose unsectarian object is to show how much Love will do to smooth the path of life, to extract the sting from wrath, to convert the sinful, to disarm the angry, and to punish the offending; a doctrine of which neither Kirk nor Church need be ashamed nor afraid, except so far as they are reminded of certain inconsistencies in the current dogmas of Christendom, and the gentle, forgiving, loving spirit of Him who came from Heaven to proclaim and establish "the Law of Kindness."

Rev. Mr. Montgomery has a flourishing Society in Rochester, which is just about completing a substantial church. The very pleasant intercourse we had enjoyed made me peculiarly ready to accept the hearty invitation of Mr. M. to preach for him on Sunday afternoon, when there was to be no service in the Unitarian church. And to finish here this subject, I will add, that, notwithstanding a lowering sky, a large audience gathered, in testimony of the cordiality with which their minister's invitation to a Unitarian brother was approved. Mr. Montgomery's Society would be considered a large one anywhere. I was glad to find that plian, straight forward, uncompromising Unitarian doctrine was heartily welcomed by ministers and people.

For the Register.

CHARLES STAFFORD.

PASSAGES FROM EARLY EXPERIENCE.

Sixty years ago the upper part of North Main street and the numerous smaller streets leading from it—then little else than lanes—formed the most populous and even fashionable portion of the then town of Providence. Not far from the spot where now stands the Chapel of the Ministry at Large, was a house—and it is still standing—which was considered in that day somewhat remarkable for its size, and the superior beauty of its architectural embellishments. The mansion was then, and had been for many years, occupied by a family esteemed one of the most respectable in the place. It consisted of a widow, a son of seventeen, a daughter about two years younger, a maiden aunt—who in affectionate attachment to the children was a second mother—and one domestic, who had lived in the family many years.

The husband of Mrs. Stafford—by which name we choose to designate the family—had accumulated a handsome property by trading in the West Indies, where, a few years before our story begins, in the fulness of his manhood, he found a grave. When she had recovered from the severe shock which the first intelligence of her loss gave her, with resignation to what she saw to be the will of Providence, Mrs. Stafford addressed herself with earnestness to the duties which she owed her children. From their earliest years Charles and Julia had enjoyed the best advantages of education, which their condition and the opportunities of that period could give. But between this brother and sister, there was in several respects a strong contrast. With a vigorous healthy frame, the brother possessed a disposition at once bold, impetuous, and impatient of restraint; while the sister's delicate physical organization was the abode of a spirit gentle and yielding, and a heart caring only for the wishes and the gratification of others. Often had the mother been obliged—as much as she was inclined to indulge her son in all that generous freedom of conduct which she saw would conduce to his welfare—to rebuke the reckless propensity which would ordinarily brook no control, and which she trembled to know was but too fast growing into a confirmed habit of character. And the tenderly attached sister would join her soft voice of winning entreaty and mild appeal, to tame and subdue if possible the wild and rugged spirit of her brother. The aunt who did not often interpose, yet who pretty well understood the disposition of her nephew, by her patient skill in managing—knowing how far it was proper to humor his foible—succeeded perhaps best generally in accomplishing her end.

One day, after some misdemeanor produced by his characteristic weakness, want of self-control, and a more than usually severe reproof from his mother, Charles declared his determination to leave his home, and seek in the wide world, the freedom from which, under the really kind and wholesome parental influence to which he had been subjected, he considered that he had been debarred. Alas! thoughtless youth, how soon can experience, and that alone, convince you of the foolish, but haply not fatal mistake! In spite of the earnest expostulations of all, the wilful boy, child of many prayers as yet unanswered, and tears vainly shed, rushes from the maternal roof. He travels south-west, and at length visits the West Indies, the scene of his father's success in life, and of that life's close. For two years no tidings reach the ever-anxious family—distressed and unhappy on account of the unrepenting, unreturning one. Oh how those kind hearts are wrung with bitter pain! Days of watching follow nights given to prayer, that God would guide the wanderer, give him a better heart and return him safely at last.

Meanwhile Julia's health, naturally frail, by constant sadness and anxiety, is plainly wasting away. Her dark liquid eyes begin to burn with a strange lustre—the light which tells that the soul is earnest for its freedom. Paler grows her cheek day by day, and the crimson spot—consumption's beautiful, but fatal flower—is fixed there.

Winter has come, and on all the hills lies its pure cold mantle of snow. The streams in the vallies are locked in its chilly embrace. The sun as it goes down after its short day's journey flushes with crimson light the shining crusts of ice, and the naked stalks of the dead weeds tremble in the sharp wind. A grand, but melancholy beauty, is over the earth. A noble and almost sweet desolation—it seems so calculated to chasten the feelings and touch the heart with tender emotions. Oh who has not had some of the experience—imbued with a delicious sadness,—which this season, and such a scene are calculated to inspire. The young must, for their fresh natures are more susceptible to its delicate influence than the old. Julia Stafford had, as she sat in her weakness, bolstered in her chair before the window as the sun was going down. But with such thoughts was mingled if possible *higher* joy, for the family had within a few days heard of the absent one. Aunt Mary had received a letter a short time before from her nephew, and in answer to another informing him of the very precarious situation of his sister he announced to them his intention to return at once to his dear friends, implore their forgiveness, and with the assistance of God endeavor to mend his future course.

Ten days' travel brought him within a short distance of home. Leaving the public conveyance at a neighboring village, he set forward on foot for his native place, whose white houses and taper spires, with their old familiar aspect, he could already see gleaming over the intervening hills. He thought how often in childhood he had wandered with his sister on those hills and in the green vallies, by the side of the river, in the bright and beautiful summer-time, and now that sister lay sick and near the grave, perhaps already dead, and he no doubt had hastened her end. At this moment the memory of his whole past life rushed in full tide upon his mind, and he burst into a flood of tears. Oh what would he not have given to have been able to recall a few years of that life! He realized the folly and wickedness of his conduct in giving way to passion, and adding another pang to the grief of his widowed mother by being so long truant from home, instead of making that home more peaceful and happy by his presence. At length he reaches the street on which stands his mother's dwelling. It is eight o'clock in the evening. But few are abroad, for the weather is severe, and Charles quickens his pace to prevent the cold from overcoming him. He is soon at the door. From the window above gleams the bright light of a comfortable fire which he knows is in his mother's room, and now his heart beats quick with strange emotion. His knock is answered by the faithful old servant who had had the care of him from infancy. He enters the room where his friends are gathered. Oh what a meeting was that!—with words it were vain to attempt to picture it.

But he saw not his sister. It was not permitted that her last smile should welcome him back, and the dying accents of her gentle voice bless him This chastisement sealed the solemn change, and fixed the whole future determination of his character. They led him into an adjoining room, in whose heavy silence lay the pale, cold, inanimate form of her who had ever cherished for him, present or absent, the holiest love which beings on this earth may feel for each other—the love of a sister with a pure nature, and a heart of rich affections, for a noble minded though erring brother.

In her sickness she had been made happy by hearing her aunt read the letter which told of repentance and good purpose, and that was almost enough, and her last prayers were breathed for him. In a few days she is dead—then she has become his benignant ministering angel.

They carry her to the grave with many tears gushing from hearts that feel that it is bliss not to restrain them, although cheered with the sweet assurance that the fair spirit for whom they are shed is already folded in the bosom of the dear Savior whom she trusted and loved.

Often in after years when the chastening experience of manhood was upon him, would Charles Stafford in his walks, bend his steps to the not distant grave-yard. There in the tranquillity of early morning, or in the hushed hour of evening, or in the solitude of night, would he linger by the spot where, among many mournful heaps, was one consecrated by the remembrance of steadfast fidelity and undecaying love. That grave was to him an opened door to the world beyond. By communion with his own soul, and with the spirit that had passed, was built up within him a faith in a better and an abiding future. Thenceforward were his powers pledged to truth and consecrated to duty, by being devoted to the good of others. Then no longer could the grave be to him the hopeless, dark oblivious bourne whence none return, but the rosy arch and golden gateway to a better world.

CITY OF MEXICO.

"The state of Mexico comprises the Valley of Mexico, a fine and splendid region, variegated by extensive lakes, and surrounded by some of the loftiest volcanic peaks in the world. Its circumference is about 200 miles, and it forms the very centre of the great table land of Anahuac, elevated from 6000 to 8000 feet above the level of the sea. In the centre of this valley stands the city of Mexico; the ancient Mexico or Tenochtitlan, having been built in the middle of the lake, and connected with the continent by extensive causeways or dykes. To New Mexico is three miles from the lake of Tezcuco, and nearly six from that of Chaloc; yet Humboldt considers it certain, from the remains of the ancient *teocalli*, or temples, that it occupies the identical position of the former city, and that a great part of the waters of the valley have been dried up. Mexico was long considered the largest city of America; but it is now surpassed by New York, perhaps even by Rio Janeiro.—Some estimates have raised its population to 200,000, but it may, on good grounds, be fixed at 120,000 to 140,000. It is beyond dispute the most splendid.

'Mexico is undoubtedly one of the finest cities built by Europeans in either hemisphere; with the exception of St. Petersburg, Berlin and Philadelphia, and some quarters of Westminster, there does not exist a city of the same extent which can be compared to the capital of New Spain, for the uniform level of the ground on which it stands, for the regularity and breadth of the streets, and the extent of the squares and public places. The architecture is generally of a pure style and there are even edifices of a very beautiful structure.'

The palace of the late viceroys, the cathedral, built in what is termed the Gothic style, several of the convents, and some private palaces, reared upon plans furnished by the pupils of the Academy of Fine Arts, are of great extent and magnificence; yet, on the whole, it is rather the arrangement, regularity, and general effect of the city, which renders it so striking. Nothing, in particular, can be more enchanting than the view of the city and valley from the surrounding heights. The eye sweeps over a vast extent of cultivated fields, to the very base of the colossal mountains, covered with perpetual snow. The city appears if washed by the waters of the Lake of Tezcuco, which, surrounded by villages and hamlets, resembles the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes, and the rich cultivation of the vicinity forms a striking contrast with the naked mountains. Among these rise the famous volcano Popocatepetl and the mountain of Iztaccihuatl, of which the first, an enormous cone, burns occasionally; throwing up smoke and ashes in the midst of eternal snows. The police of the city is excellent; most of the streets are handsomely paved, lighted, and cleansed. The annual consumption in Mexico has been computed at 16,300 beeves; 279,000 sheep; 50,000 hogs; 1,600,000 fowls, including ducks and turkeys; 205,0000 pigeons and patridges. The markets are remarkably well supplied with animal and vegetable productions, brought by crowds of canoes along the Lake of Chalco, and the canal leading to it. These canoes are often guided by females, who at the same time are weaving cotton in their simple portable looms, or plucking fowls, and throwing the feathers into the water. Most of the flowers and roots have been raised in *chinampas*, or floating gardens, an invention peculiar to the new world. They consist of rafts formed of reeds, roots, and bushes, and covered with black saline mould, which being irrigated by the water of the lake becomes exceedingly fertile. It is a great disadvantage to Mexico, however, that it stands nearly on a level with the surrounding lake; which, in seasons of heavy rain, overwhelms it with destructive inundations. The construction of a *desague*, or canal, to carry off the waters of the Lake of Zumpango, and of the principal river by which it is fed, has, since 1629, prevented any very desolating flood. The desague, though not conducted with skill and judgment, cost $5,000,000 and is one of the most stupendous hydraulic works ever executed. Were it filled with water, the largest vessel of war might pass by it through the range of mountains which bound the plains of Mexico. The alarms, however, have been frequent, and cannot well cease, while the level of that lake is twenty feet above that of the great square of Mexico."

CHRISTIANITY AND SECTARIANISM.

We doubt whether sectarianism, in general, is any part at all of true christianity. We suspect that christianity is one thing, and sectarianism a separate thing; no more *the* thing than the husk is the corn, nor at all as necessary to true religion as the worthless husk to the rich corn which it incloses. Sectarianism may be essential to the leading individuals, and but for it, many great systems would vanish into air at once; but religion would be left, nevertheless. Christ promulgated christianity; men have promulgated sectarianism. There have been thousands of occasions when this has been practically illustrated. Christian missionaries of various denominations have often found, when they have met together, that they were all one. Men in great peril together, have often, by their mutual danger, been stripped of their sectarianism, yet with all their religion left, have called aloud and together for help from the mighty God who alone could save them. It is in rich churches, beneath tall spires, and in irreligious associations, that the weeds of sectarianism grow rife: but in poverty and sadness there is often none of it, though much more true piety. In fact, if sectarianism were not constantly fomented by interested officials, we should not be certain that the great mass of christians would not directly fall into one great brotherhood.—We are not so much troubled about sectarianism as some people are. We are not certain that, small as the portion of true piety is among all the denominations in these days, sectarianism is not a good thing. It sets up a rivalry of opinion where the motive of benevolence is too feeble, and so creates christian action and usefulness, when but for it there could be nothing but dry bones. Still, we cannot think that the true vitality of religion is in sectarianism. While we do not think that christian union on a common basis is, as things now stand, to be established by a world's convention, yet we do think it a possibility, and even a probability at some time. Pray what will give vitality to the saints in heaven? Will it be Episcopacy, or Congregationalism, or Methodism?

[Journal of Commerce.

THE EXCELLENCIES OF RELIGION.

I envy no quality of the mind or intellect of others; not genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when earthly hopes vanish, and throws over decay—the destruction of existence—the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of fortune, and of shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and sceptic only view gloom, decay, annihilation and despair. [Sir H. Davy.

REDEMPTION THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

How bright then do both the wisdom and goodness of God appear in the great work of redemption! When the whole creation was sick and the more mortally so, because insensible of its sickness, "God sent forth his Son," his well-beloved Son, the Lord of life and glory, to heal their wounds, and restore health to their souls. Is not the Lord then loving unto every man, are not his tender mercies over all his works, who when the necessities of men were greatest and their merits least, condescended to visit them with the most effectual salvation! 'O Ephraim," saith God, "what shall I do unto thee, Oh Judah, what shall I do unto thee? Why is thy goodness like the morning cloud? why, as the early dew, does it pass away!" If they, who refused to hear the voice of Moses and the prophets who spoke on earth, justly suffered punishment, what judgments will be our due if we hear not a messenger who spoke from Heaven! "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation, which at first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him!" What assurance have we not of sufficient support and encouragement in every pious resolution, in every good work, when His fatherly compassion was extended, and his grace so abundantly shed on a most degenerate age. Herein did God principally recommend his benevolence to our praise and adoration, that he sent not his son with a message of vengeance, but with one of peace and reconciliation to ungrateful men, who were His enemies by wicked works; not for the condemnation of the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

[Langhorne's Sermons.

STOOD ON HER POSITION. The following circumstance, which occurred recently in our community, is the greatest example of an assertion of position that we have ever heard of. A divine—we need not say who, suffice it that he is an eminently good man of our city—called recently to see a sick lady belonging to his church. Said lady had been very kindly attended during her illness, by a female cousin, who was also a member of the same congregation. The minister prayed with the afflicted one, and being cognizant of the kindness of the cousin, he besought the *Lord*, in his prayer, to bless *his servant*, who had, in so kind and Christian a manner, watched over the afflicted lady. The cousin withdrew, forthwith, from his congregation, asserting, at the same time, that she would let him know she was n't anybody's *servant!*—*St. Louis Reveille.*

THE LAST DAYS OF GREAT MEN. In one morning of advanced life, Johnson amused himself by committing to memory eight hundred lines of Virgil. At the age of seventy-three when staggering under an immediate attack of paralysis, sufficiently severe to render him speechless—he composed a latin prayer, in order to test the loss or retention of his mental faculties. Nor is this a solitary instance. One of the most beautiful sonnets in the English language was composed by Mason, on the attainment of his ninety-second birth day. Locke, at seventy-two, and Newton, at eighty-four, retained their faculties in unabated vigor. The feeble frame of the Earl of Chatham, at seventy, sank under the effort to express the conviction of his mind, after a speech so singularly eloquent, bold, ardent, and animated, as to rival, if not outvie the most brilliant outpourings of his youth and early manhood.

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They have also published another Edition containing in addition to the Hymns embraced in supplementary pages, a SERVICE BOOK for the use of those Societies desiring to introduce this mode of worship.
Two separate editions will in future be issued—one with the text as heretofore, for use where this edition is used or desired, corresponding in all respects to the one now in use, with the addition above referred to, but on new type, and the other with the Service Book and Supplementary Hymns.
The additions have been made, with great care, by the Rev R. C. Waterston, Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, and are highly approved by those who have examined the work, since they were made.
It is believed that this arrangement will meet the views of the numerous friends of this excellent collection who were desirous that it should embrace many Hymns of high character, written since it was first published, and others, which were not before inserted.
The following are some of the societies and towns in which the book is in use, viz: King's Chapel, (Rev. Mr. Peabody;) Hollis Street Society, (Rev. Mr Fosdick;) New South Society (Rev. A. Young;) Federal street Society (Rev. Dr. Gannett;) Bulfinch st Church (Rev. Frederick T. Gray;) Purchase street, (Rev. Mr. Coolidge,) Church of the Saviour, (Rev Mr Waterston;) Boston. Church of the Messiah, New York, (Rev. Dr. Dewey;) Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Rev. Mr. Farley;) College Chapel, and also Divinity Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Cambridgeport, Roxbury, Milton, Dorchester, Marshfield, Watertown, Brookfield, Brighton, Chelsea, Lowell, Lexington, Lincoln, Weston, Newburyport, Sandwich, Sherburne, Uxbridge, Medfield, Lancaster, Chelmsford, Hingham, Cohasset, Ashby, Andover, Dover, Northboro', Cabotville, Ipswich, Bedford, Greenfield, Beverly, Dedham, Medford, Billerica, Waltham, Lynn, Brookline, Sterling, Mass; Portsmouth, Walpole, Dover, N. H; Portland, Hallowell, Augusta, Bangor, Castine, Me; Hartford, Ct; Syracuse, Rochester, N. Y; Providence, Newport, R. I.; Brattleboro', Vt; Savannah, Geo; Mobile, Ala; Allton, Ill; St. Louis, Mo; Louisville, Ky; and many other societies in New England and the Southern and Western States.
We respectfully request Clergymen or Church Committees proposing a change in their Hymn Books, or forming new Societies, to forward us their addresses, when copies shall be sent them for examination.
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